HERMAN OF UNNA.

VOLUME II.

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HERMAN OF UNNA:

A SERIES OF ADVENTURES OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY,

IN WHICH THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECRET TRIBUNAL UNDER THE EMPERORS WINCESLAUS AND SIGISMOND ARE DELINEATED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WRITTEN IN GERMAN

BY PROFESSOR KRAMER.

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TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SA…

HERMAN OF UNNA:

A

Series of Adventures of the Fifteenth Century, &c.

CHAPTER I.

BY degrees Ida recovered from her ſwoon. Day had begun to appear. The adventures of the preceding night ſeemed a dream to her. She looked round and found herſelf under the portico of St. Bartholomew's. She raiſed herſelf upon her knees, and would have gotten upon her feet; but ſhe was unable. In one of the four ſtreets a man approached, whom ſhe perceived to be Walter. She ſtretched out her arms, and called to him as loudly as her ſtrength would permit. He haſtened to her aſſiſtance. "Come," ſaid he, "let me conduct

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" you to your convent. But I had almost " forgotten to ask, what has brought you " hither?"—" Alas! do you not then re- " member," said Ida, whose recollection now began to return, " do you not remem- " ber the events that have just passed; for " surely you were present as well as myself?"

" Talk not to me thus incoherently. " Ask not such useless questions:" replied Walter, with some displeasure. " Let us " be gone before any one sees us here."

" Heavens!" exclaimed Ida, " what " will become of me? Oh, tell me what I " am to do! you know my unhappy situa- " tion; you know that my last hopes are " now annihilated."

Walter was silent, and meditated for some time how he should act. But he knew, that, to perform his part with fideli- ty, he must pretend not to understand her.

Ida besought him to have pity on her, and to be her friend: adding, " you can " best advise me, for you will never con- " vince me that you are not acquainted

"with every circumſtance that has taken "place." At this Walter grew impatient. She appealed to the deficiency of his left hand, as a proof that he was her conductor. He to his dreſs, which bore no reſemblance to that worn by the man in the maſk. Ida having far greater ſubjects of diſquietude, was at length ſilent, and they arrived at the convent.

Fain would I draw a charitable veil over the manner in which the young Munſter was received by the Urſulines, who expected not to ſee her otherwiſe than honourably acquitted. At firſt they were offended that the tribunal had not more favourably treated a perſon, to whom they had paid ſuch diſtinguiſhed marks of reſpect. By degrees, however, doubts crept into their mind; and they began to aſk one another, whether Ida were really as innocent as they had ſuppoſed her. From that moment ſhe experienced neglect; they endeavoured not to conſole her, they went not to converſe with her in ſolitude, and ſoon things were

carried ſo far, that old Walter, who daily viſited the parlour, was her only reſource.

Ida was at a loſs what to think. She felt how alarming was her ſituation; and yet were her thoughts ſtill more occupied by the ſtranger who had appeared before the tribunal in her defence.

" Do you not ſuſpect," ſaid ſhe to Walter, " that it was my father?"—Walter ſhook his head.—" Who was it then? who " could it be?" " I know not." " O Wal- " ter! I conjure you tell me. You know: " I am ſure you do."—" Do you wiſh, by " talking thus, to drive me from you?"— " Oh no! but promiſe me, at leaſt, that " you will befriend my generous, my un- " fortunate defender; and that you will ſeek " to diſcover what is become of my father." " Your father! do you know then who " your father is?" Ida looked at him with aſtoniſhment, and repeated her demand: and Walter, perceiving that ſhe had not attended to what the ſtranger had ſaid reſpecting her birth, but ſtill believed herſelf the

daughter of Munſter, again relapſed into his myſterious taciturnity.

Ida began to weep, reproaching the old man with cruelty. Drawn by this charge from his ſilence, he begged her to be calm, and of good courage, as it was probable her fate would ſoon undergo a change.

"See my prediction accompliſhed!" ſaid he to her one morning that he came earlier than uſual to viſit her.

Ida had already ſeen too many placards of the ſecret tribunal, not to know, at the firſt glance, that the paper he held in his hand was one; but, notwithſtanding the agreeable manner in which it was preſented, ſhe feared to peruſe it, and Walter was obliged to read it to her. It contained . . . imagine, dear reader, the tranſport of Ida . . . . it contained a ſolemn declaration of her innocence, and a general acquittal from every charge exhibited againſt her. Joy now produced on her the effect ſhe had ſo often experienced from grief. Recovered from her fainting, ſhe a thouſand times

aſked if it were indeed true; if they were not deceiving her.—The happy news ſoon ſpread, and immediately ſhe was ſurrounded by nuns, who loaded her with compliments, aſſurances of friendſhip, and entreaties never to quit the convent, but to ſpend the remainder of her life in their tranquil abode. Ida had not forgotten that the day before ſhe had been given to underſtand, that, as her innocence was not acknowledged, her reſidence in the convent could not be of long duration; but ſhe was too happy to think of reſenting it. She replied therefore to their civilities with her wonted good-nature, though ſhe was reſolved inſtantly to quit a houſe, the inhabitants of which could paſs ſo eaſily from one extreme to the other.

At this moment ſhe was informed that there was a coach at the gate of the convent, which had orders to convey her to the houſe of count Wirtemberg.

It was natural for Ida to ſuppoſe, that, her juſtification being known, the former

friendſhip of thoſe who had abandoned her in her misfortune would revive; and it was highly pleaſing to her to find that the count of Wirtemberg, who had always treated her with marks of attachment, was one of the firſt to think of her on this occaſion. She haſtened therefore to the coach, and amuſed her fancy on the way with a thouſand agreeable reveries. She hoped to find, at Wirtemberg's houſe, her father and her unknown defender, and to be reſtored by the count to the favour of the empreſs. She hoped a thouſand things beſide: for what indeed will not young perſons hope, who are prone to conſider the ſlighteſt ſmile of fortune as an infallible earneſt of the moſt ſignal favours?

Every thing ſeemed to indicate that Ida would not be wholly deceived in her expectations. She ſaw the old count of Wirtemberg haſten to meet her, and claſp her in his arms, with an ardour that would have appeared ſtrange, if in her preſent ſituation ſhe had had time to reflect. The

count led her to his closet, through a crowd of courtiers, who bowed to the ground to salute her as she passed. Having shut the door, "Ida, my dear Ida!" cried he, pressing her in his arms, "my heart did not "deceive me!"

The timidity of our heroine was alarmed at these lively testimonies of affection; and, disengaging herself from his embrace, she fell on her knees before him.

"My lord," said she, "the flattering re-"ception with which you honor me, the "goodness with which you condescend to "interest yourself in my happiness, lead "me to believe that you will not refuse to "carry it one degree farther, that my hap-"piness may be complete. I wish, my "lord, to see my deliverer, that I may "thank him: I wish also to see my father, "whom I have lost. The first, I imagine, "can be at no great distance, and to find "the latter will be no difficult task to a "prince so powerful as you."

"Thy deliverer! thy father!" replied the count; "behold them both in the same

"person."—Ida looked round and perceived herſelf alone with the count, who preſſed her again to his boſom. She looked at him with ſurpriſe, and dared not return his careſſes.—"Thou doſt not believe "me! thy heart ſpeaks not for me! I am "thy father. Behold this ornament, which "has diſcovered to me the ſecret of thy "birth."

Ida perceived in the hands of the count the chain ſhe had formerly given to Herman; and the recollection of her lover ſerved ſtill more to confound her ideas reſpecting things which were not, to her, eaſily comprehenſible.

The count took pity on her embarraſſment. "You ſtill have doubts," cried he: "I muſt convince you." And ringing a bell, the door opened, and Munſter entered.

Neither Munſter nor the count had time to utter a ſyllable; for ſhe inſtantly ran to throw herſelf in the arms of the venerable old man, exclaiming: "O my

"father! do I indeed ſee you again?"—"No, madam," anſwered Munſter, taking her by the hand, and leading her to the count, who was at the other end of the apartment, and whoſe looks expreſſed diſſatisfaction: "No, madam, that honour is "too great for me; you are the daughter "of this prince. I was only your foſter-fa-"ther, or rather, to ſpeak the truth, a ra-"viſher, a robber. Behold, my lord," continued he, placing the left hand of Ida into the right hand of the count, "a new teſti-"mony of the truth of what I have told "you. This hand ſtill bears the mark be-"ſtowed on her when ſhe firſt ſaw the light, "and the ring alſo which you ſee cannot "fail to call to your remembrance that "amiable conſort, to whom the birth of "your daughter coſt her life."—"Ah! I "need no other proofs," replied the count, "than the proofs I feel in my heart, and "thoſe features, ſo perfectly reſembling her "mother's, that I cannot conceive how I "have ſo long been blind to them. Yet

“ certain it is, that I have ever been drawn “ towards her by an irreſiſtable ſympathy. “ You know, my child, the emotions that “ were excited in me when I firſt heard “ your name, and the preference with “ which I have diſtinguiſhed you from “ your companions, in ſpite of your ene- “ mies.”

Joy ſucceeded to the aſtoniſhment of Ida. Preſently ſhe ſaw herſelf drawn irreſiſtibly towards count Everard; ſhe fell on his neck, round which ſhe threw one arm, while ſhe held out the other to Munſter, who was ſtill too dear for any one to claim precedence to him in her heart. When the firſt tranſports were over, Ida requeſted an explanation of this myſtery, which the reader perhaps is equally impatient to learn. But how can it be given ſatisfactorily amidſt the tumult of a thouſand different paſſions? We will chuſe therefore, with thy leave, dear reader, ſome calmer moment to impart to thee the various circumſtances of ſo complicated an event.

Ida perceived with regret, that Munſter was far leſs eſteemed by the count than by herſelf. The count regarded him as a robber who had ſtolen from him his child; Ida as her guardian, her faithful counſellor, her protector, when abandoned by all the world beſide. Count Everard was jealous of the careſſes ſhe beſtowed on him; while Ida could not forget that ſhe had ſo long called him by the endearing name of father. A ſtrange circumſtance! it muſt be confeſſed; and ſure I am that many of my readers will be at a loſs to comprehend how the pleaſure of finding herſelf the daughter of a prince could fail to obliterate in her every other ſentiment.

Still there remained in the breaſt of our heroine one deſire unſatisfied, and which prevented her from fully enjoying the teſtimonies ſhe received of paternal affection. She had often enquired after her defender, and ſhown an eagerneſs to ſee him, calling him her ſaviour, and expreſſing towards him the warmeſt gratitude; and as often

had the count aſſured her that ſhe owed her ſafety ſolely to himſelf. This indeed ſhe believed from the proofs that were given her; but it did not prevent her from aſking continually new queſtions reſpecting the generous ſtranger, who had unqueſtionably been the firſt inſtrument in effecting her deliverance.

As the count ſeemed averſe to giving her the deſired information, ſhe ceaſed to urge him, and endeavoured to conceal her diſſatisfaction, that ſhe might not appear to repay with ingratitude the affection ſhown her by her new father. Munſter, who, at the requeſt of Ida, had been permitted to remain in the apartment, was ſilent and reſerved, fearful of exciting the jealouſy of the count; and the count found the careſſes of his daughter cold in compariſon with what he expected. Thus they parted for the night, pleaſed with having eſcaped paſt dangers, and looking forward to new enjoyments; though the ſenſations they felt were not altogether unmixed with bitterneſs.

CHAPTER II.

IDA received orders no more to quit the houſe of her father, and was conducted to her chamber, happy at length to be able to repoſe herſelf, and collect her ſcattered ideas, after a day of ſuch extraordinary adventures. She ſoon diſmiſſed her attendants, and flung herſelf, dreſſed as ſhe was into a chair, to reflect anew on the incidents that had happened to her in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time. A gentle noiſe at the door interrupted her meditations, and inſtantly a man made his appearance. At firſt ſhe was alarmed, and would have fled and called her ſervants: but the perſon who entered fell at her feet, laid hold of her gown, and with a voice that penetrated her inmoſt ſoul, ſupplicated her for a moment to liſten to him.—" What voice do I hear?" exclaimed Ida: " whom do I ſee! . . . . Herman! O " heavens! . . . ."

"Yes, princeſs, it is Herman. You ſee "him compelled to be raſh, to be im-"portunate. But he muſt ſpeak to you "now, or forego the hope of it for ever." Saying this, he gently ſhut the door, and approached Ida, who ſtood reſting with her hand on a table, experiencing at once the oppoſite ſentiments of uneaſineſs and joy, and not knowing how to act.

A young woman familiariſed with the cuſtomary ceremonials of virtue, would have been offended at the ſtep taken by Herman, or at leaſt would have appeared ſo to be. To be alone with a lover at midnight, and the door ſhut, was ſurely enough to taint with ſuſpicion the moſt unblemiſhed reputation: but Ida, in the firſt tranſports of her joy, thought not of conſequences like theſe. Bending towards Herman, who had embraced her knees, ſhe held out her arms, then ſuddenly drew them back, confuſed and bluſhing. The young knight too well gueſſed her intention, not to avail himſelf of it. He took courage therefore, and

folded her in his arms; but, diſſatisfied with his conduct, ſhe ſoon diſengaged herſelf, and ran to a door which led, ſhe ſuppoſed, to the apartment of her women. Herman followed her, and they found themſelves in a balcony, beyond which they could not paſs.

"Ah! do not fly from me!" ſaid he: "do not reduce me to deſpair! I muſt "ſpeak to you, and I hope you have ſuf-"ficient confidence in me to believe, that I "would not have ſought you at ſuch an "hour, had I any other means of inform-"ing you of what it is abſolutely neceſſary "you ſhould know, before a long and per-"haps eternal ſeparation."

"An eternal ſeparation!" ſaid Ida, interrupting him, and caſting her eyes on the ground.

"Yes, an eternal ſeparation from him, "whom once you looked on with an eye of "favor. And has your exaltation ſo ſpeedily "changed your ſentiments?"

"Herman," exclaimed Ida, in the moſt impaſſioned tone, "you know me not.

" Changed! changed with reſpect to him,
" who, when I was ſo much his inferior,
" loved me ſo . . . .

" Say ſo ardently, ſo tenderly," continued the youth, finding her heſitate ; " and " who, were you ſovereign of the world, " could not love you otherwiſe than he " loved you when Ida Munſter: when . . . "

" Stop :" ſaid the princeſs, with a look of ſeverity. " Regard to my honour re- " quires, that your viſit ſhould be as ſhort " as poſſible : leave this ſubject therefore, " and haſten to tell me that which you ſay " it is ſo neceſſary I ſhould know."

Herman obeyed. They ſeated themſelves in the balcony, which commanded a fine proſpect over a retired garden, then enlightened by the moon, and he thus began :

" It is incumbent upon me to warn you " not to confide too ſecurely in your pre- " ſent happineſs. You ſaw what happened " to me when I undertook your defence " before the ſecret tribunal . . . . ."

" What !" exclaimed Ida, " was it you, " that would have died for me ? You, that " risked every thing to save me, when aban- " doned by all the world besides ? O Hea- " vens ! shall I ever be capable . . . . ? No, " never !" A flood of tears then fell from her eyes : she raised her hands to Heaven, and cast on Herman a look, that forcibly expressed the emotions of her heart.

" You did not know it then ? You were " not informed of it ?——In this I clearly " perceive the character of the count : and " you see what we have . . . pardon me, I " meant to say . . . . what I have to expect " from him."

" You must tell me, Herman, every " thing that has passed, from the moment " of our separation. The night is long ; " we are alone ; no body will interrupt us."

Ida seemed totally to have forgotten what she had said a minute before, that regard to her honour required his visit to be brief, and Herman had no great desire of reminding her of it.

"When I took leave of you, at Mun-
"ſter's," reſumed our hero, "or rather,
"when you had quitted me, cruel as ap-
"peared to me the neceſſity of ſeparating
"myſelf from every thing I held dear in the
"world, there yet remained for me another
"ſevere ſtroke, to be inflicted by her, whom
"you called your mother. It was ſhe who
"gave me the firſt intimation of what
"you have lately learnt, and of which
"no one is now ignorant; that it was not
"without reaſon you poſſeſſed that dignity
"of mien, that announces exalted rank;
"and that you really were, what you ap-
"peared to be, the daughter of a prince.
"The haſte in which ſhe was obliged to
"impart to me this ſecret, and the preſence
"of Munſter, who narrowly watched us,
"prevented my hearing the name of the
"happy mortal, who had a right to call you
"his daughter; and thus I found myſelf
"more uncertain than ever of what I had to
"hope. But we are ever ready to flatter
"ourſelves; and I confeſs, however, by

" birth you might be exalted above me,
" that I was not deterred from relying on
" my courage and on my ſword, which I
" truſted would one day enable me to look
" up to the daughter of a prince with confi-
" dence. Vaſt projects then opened to my
" mind: I loſt myſelf in reverie, and forgot
" every thing; ſo that I was at ſome diſtance
" from Prague when I recollected the re-
" queſt of your ſuppoſed mother, the good
" Mrs. Munſter, who, when ſhe bid me
" adieu, had urged me to remain another
" day, in order to ſecond a ſtep ſhe meant
" to undertake in your favour with the em-
" peror. I returned to Prague; thence re-
" paired to Conradſbourg; and thence to
" numerous other places, to which I was
" ſent by perſons who were playing the fool
" with me. I could meet with the empe-
" ror no where. My unexpected return,
" after having formally taken leave, and the
" anxiety I diſplayed, excited curioſity, and
" expoſed me to malicious remarks. The
" not being able to acquit myſelf better,

" and with lefs delay, of an affair that relat-
" ed to you, urged me to defperation. It
" might have concerned your birth, which
" poffibly Mrs. Munfter wifhed to reveal;
" it might have required the utmoft promp-
" titude; I was altogether in ignorance of
" what was to be done; and my extraordi-
" nary behaviour occafioned probably the
" ftrange report which was circulated on
" my being bereft of my fenfes: a report
" which I firft heard from the fecret tribu-
" nal, when it was alledged as one of the
" accufations againft you.

" I imagined I had ftill one friend at
" court, and of him I at length obtained an
" audience. He advifed me to depart from
" the country with fpeed, as my life was not
" in fafety, and affured me, that he would
" difcharge my commiffion as faithfully as I
" could do it myfelf. I have fince learnt,
" that this was intended to frighten me, in
" order to keep me from the court, as the
" emperor, from whom at firft my return
" had been concealed, having at length

"heard of it, expreſſed a wiſh to ſpeak "with me. I had long been envied the "feeble remains of the favour I once enjoy-"ed with him; and the eager purſuers of "his ſmiles feared that I ſhould regain my "former influence, if I made my appear-"ance anew. They ſought therefore to drive "me away, by the pretence, that there was "a deſign againſt my life; and, to put an "end to the queſtions of Winceſlaus con-"cerning me, they ſpread a report of my "death, which you know paſſed for cer-"tain, even with the judges of the ſecret "tribunal, who pretend to be ignorant of "nothing.

"I was thus induced to reſume my jour-"ney towards the court of king Sigiſmond. "There I found my old friend, Nicholas "Gara, the Hungarian general, under "whom I had ſerved againſt the rebels of "Prague, but the extent of whoſe power I "now firſt learned. With joy he received "me into his ſuit. The court of Hungary "was preparing for a war againſt the Turks.

" Sigiſmond had loſt his conſort, the good
" queen Mary, who was exceedingly belov-
" ed, and with her more than half the affec-
" tions of his people. He was ſuſpected
" even, by his ill treatment, or at leaſt by
" his want of kindneſs, of having occaſion-
" ed her death. He was hated : the debau-
" cheries of his court were made the ſub-
" jects of paſquinades ; they ſtyled him a
" ſecond Winceſlaus ; and though, as I then
" believed, he deſerved but in part theſe re-
" proaches, he found himſelf under the ne-
" ceſſity of endeavouring to obliterate ſuch
" unpleaſing impreſſions by ſome ſplendid
" atchievements, that would add luſtre to
" his reputation. A war againſt the infidels
" he conſidered as the ſureſt way of attain-
" ing his purpoſe, and in conſequence he
" reſolved to unite with thoſe who had
" ſworn themſelves enemies to the ſtandard
" of Mohammed.

" What a proſpect for one whoſe aim
" was bent on glory, in order to merit Ida !
" What laurels did I not hope to gather,

" to what heights did I not aſpire, that I " might raiſe myſelf, celeſtial maid, to an " equality with thee! No prince I thought " would heſitate to chuſe me for his ſon-" in-law, when, covered with the blood of " the infidels, and enriched with their ſpoils, " I returned to the court of Sigiſmond, to " fill the brilliant offices, with which my " vanity, relying on the attachment of my " friend Gara, flattered my imagination.— " And perhaps theſe hopes would have been " realiſed, had I been willing blindly to " cloſe with the projects of this general, " who had every thing in his diſpoſal.

" Our march was begun, and we joined " the enemies of the grand Signior. We " attacked him vigorouſly, performed pro-" digies of valour, yet ſeldom came off con-" querors. Some malignant deity ſeemed " to reign over our fate, and to ſnatch " victory from our hands, even at the mo-" ment we thought it ſecure.

" Our ill ſucceſs was aſcribed to the ſe-" cret crimes of the king; and the general

" ſeemed to countenance ſuch ſeditious diſ-
" courſe. I had good reaſon before to
" ſuſpect, that Gara endeavoured to defeat
" the deſigns of his maſter by ſecretly fa-
" vouring the enemy. My ſuſpicion was
" converted into certainty, when he diſ-
" cloſed to me the hatred he bore the king,
" and attempted to detach me from his in-
" tereſt. He was the eldeſt ſon of old Ni-
" cholas Gara, whom Sigiſmond had for-
" merly beheaded. He therefore breathed
" nothing but vengeance againſt the mur-
" derer of his father; nor could Sigiſmond
" have been guilty of a greater imprudence,
" than to commit to one of the ſons of the
" deceaſed, the ſupreme power over the
" army, and to the other, Andrew Gara,
" the regency of the realm during his ab-
" ſence. But the principal features in Si-
" giſmond's character are openneſs, magna-
" nimity, and imprudence. He delights
" to make reparation for his faults, and he
" loaded his enemies with honours, think-
" ing thereby to render them his friends.

" The ill intentions of the general became
" to me daily more evident. I loved the
" king with all my ſoul; and I ſhewed
" Gara, without diſguiſe, the horror I felt
" at his propoſal to aſſiſt him in dethroning
" his maſter. Had not my youth and in-
" experience blinded me, I had, at the
" commencement of our acquaintance, ſuf-
" ficient reaſons to ſuſpect his integrity.
" Was it not he, who had formerly dared
" to juſtify Winceſlaus for his execrable
" murder of the principal inhabitants of
" Prague!

" I concealed not from Gara the opi-
" nion I conceived of him. My ſincerity
" diſpleaſed him; he grew cool towards me;
" imputed to me imaginary faults; ceaſed
" to promote me; went even ſo far as to
" take from me the offices I held, to beſtow
" on me others inferior to them; and at
" length I received permiſſion to quit the
" army. As it was, however, but a permiſ-
" ſion, not an order, I paid no regard to it,
" chooſing rather to ſerve my king in the

" capacity of a common ſoldier, than co-
" wardly to leave him in the hands of his
" enemies. Heavens! how much did I
" wiſh to inform him of the perfidy that
" was hatching againſt him! But how was it
" to be done? All his ſteps, as well as mine,
" were watched; he had alſo been preju-
" diced againſt me; and it was impoſſible
" for me to ſpeak to him in private.

" Meanwhile I ſhall ever retain the
" pleaſing remembrance of having had it
" in my power to render him a ſignal ſer-
" vice, before my deſtiny ſeparated me
" from him. According to cuſtom, we had
" fought bravely againſt the infidels, with-
" out obtaining the victory. To loſe the bat-
" tle was unavoidable, for ſo it pleaſed Ni-
" cholas Gara. The duke of Burgundy had
" already fallen into the hands of the Turks,
" and a ſimilar fate threatened the king.
" His attendants had deſerted him, and
" left him engaged in ſingle combat with
" the valiant Achmet, who was far his ſu-
" perior. I had received orders from the

" general to retire, and repair to another " post. But I was deaf to his command, " collected twenty loyal Hungarians, and " extricated Sigismond from his perilous " situation.

" How did I regret, that I was obliged " almost the same instant to quit him! But " love called me, and I was unable to resist " the summons. The danger you ran, " dear Ida, had reached my ears: I felt the " necessity of saving you, and the attach- " ment I bore my king yielded to the more " powerful sentiment with which you had " inspired me. I left Sigismond, however, " in the protection of such faithful sub- " jects that no one durst openly attempt " any thing against his person. I would " have taken this opportunity of informing " him of the snares that were spread for " him, had he been capable of listening to " me; but he was grievously wounded, and " had a considerable fever, which affected " his brain. In consequence I charged his " loyal attendants to communicate to him

" what I could not, and with ſpeed I repair-
" ed to you: . . . to you, whom I knew to
" be threatened by the pitileſs arm of the
" ſecret tribunal."

" May I aſk," ſaid the princeſs, interrupting him, " how, at ſo great a diſtance, " you heard of my misfortune?"

" It is a circumſtance I do not yet fully " underſtand myſelf: however, I will explain it to you as well as I can. You, " doubtleſs, remember old Andrew, whom " Munſter gave me for my eſquire, on my " departure from Prague?"

" Certainly I do. There were more " perſons than one in our houſe who rejoiced at the circumſtance, as it freed " them from the inſpection of a vigilant " ſpy, whom nothing eſcaped. Me, you " aſſuredly will not rank in the number of " the perſons who hated him: on the contrary, I eſteemed him for his fidelity; " though, I confeſs, his ſimplicity was ſo " ſingularly contraſted with traits of apparent art and cunning, which ſometimes

"escaped him from want of attention, that "I was at a loſs what to think of him."

"I made myſelf preciſely the ſame re- "mark on his conduct, and he gave me a "thouſand occaſions for repeating them. "You ſhall hear by what extraordinary "means he became the primary cauſe of "my ſudden appearance before you, and, "if I may be permitted ſo to ſay, of your "deliverance.

"We were arming for battle, the day "on which, as I have juſt mentioned to "you, I had the happineſs to ſave the life "of the king. Andrew, who commonly, "in ſpite of his age, yielded not in courage "and intrepidity to the moſt reſolute of "our youth, appeared, while buckling on "my armour, ſad and dejected. 'Sir,' "ſaid he, 'the road we are about to take "may lead to the tomb. It is poſſible I "may fall, and where can I die better than "in the field of honour? But in caſe it "ſhould happen, I ought to inform you of "ſomething which it imports you to know.

" When the battle is over, do not ſtay long " in this country; I have a preſentiment, " that things do not go ſo well as they " ought in the houſe of my old maſter. " The life of a perſon who is not indifferent " to you is in danger.' I looked at him " ſteadily, and aſked the reaſon of his ap- " prehenſions: but he refuſed to explain " himſelf more clearly, reſumed his wonted " air of ſimplicity, and attributed what he " had ſaid to ſome melancholy dream.

" Though I was never weak enough to " have faith in ſuch things, I yet was a little " diſturbed at what he ſaid, and I put to " him freſh queſtions. ' Let us drop the " ſubject for the preſent,' replied Andrew: " ' we have now to meet the enemy: If I " never return, you know enough: if I do, " you will know more.'

" The attack commenced. Andrew " was one of the firſt who fell by my ſide. " I directed him to be carried out of the " throng, that his wounds might be dreſſed. " The principal events of the battle I have

" already related; but I have not told you, " that the firſt news I heard, after quitting " the tent of Sigiſmond, was the death of " poor Andrew. His comrade, who came to " acquaint me with it, told me, that as he " was dying, he ſpoke of a certain lady of " the name of Ida, and charged him to " tell me to haſten to her ſuccour, as ſhe " was in danger of periſhing by the ſecret " tribunal. At the ſame time he delivered " me a billet, which the dying man had " taken from his boſom, and directed him " to give me, as it would inform me of the " time I had for my journey, and the place " where you would be found. You may " eaſily conceive the eagerneſs with which " I ſet off, without ſtaying for further in- " telligence.

" I did not reflect on the circumſtances " of this ſtrange adventure till afterwards; " when I was led to believe Andrew to have " belonged to that formidable ſociety, the " members of which, ſpread over the earth, " are informed, almoſt in the twinkling of

"an eye, of what paſſes in the moſt diſtant
"parts of their inviſible empire, as if they
"were connected together by ſome magic
"chain. You have ſeen how numerous are
"the judges and aſſociates of this tribunal;
"and I have reaſon to believe, that it has
"more adherents among the people, than
"among the nobility. Thoſe of the
"former claſs conſtitute the links of that
"immenſe chain, the ſecret wheels of that
"fearful engine, with the thouſand eyes of
"which the SEERS, as they call themſelves,
"obtain knowledge of every thing that is
"done, and diſcover myſteries that ſeem
"impenetrable. I doubt not but Andrew
"was one of the aſſociates of this claſs;
"but his attachment to the family of his
"ancient maſter, led him, as far as he could,
"to overſtep the limits of that religious
"ſilence to which he was bound by his
"oath.

"I travelled on, without well knowing
"in what conſiſted the danger that threaten-
"ed you, and conſequently what was to be

"done to extricate you from it. During "my journey, nothing was talked of but "your adventure. In every town and vil- "lage I ſaw ſtuck up againſt the buildings "an invitation to undertake your defence; "and I ſoon learnt the conduct I had to "purſue. There were two days ſtill to in- "tervene between the time of my arrival "and that of your trial. Theſe I ſpent in "the manner pointed out to me by a man "of the name of Walter, with whom chance "brought me acquainted. I would have "waited on you at your convent, but he "diſſuaded me, ſaying, that no one was ad- "mitted to defend a perſon accuſed before "the ſecret tribunal, unleſs he could prove, "that there had not been the moſt diſtant "connection between him and the party "for the ſpace of a year. By Walter I was "further informed, that you had nobody "to accompany you to the appointed place "whither the ſtranger came to fetch you; "and, as it was forbidden me to offer you "my hand, I planted myſelf on the road

" you were to take, that I might ſecretly
" watch over and protect you from inſult.
" I ſaw you paſs, accompanied by the nuns,
" and if any thing could have augmented
" the opinion I had formed of you, it muſt
" have been the venerable attendance of
" thoſe pious maidens, who, by the atten-
" tion they paid you, ſhowed in a ſtriking
" manner their perſuaſion of your inno-
" cence; and I have alſo ſince learnt, that
" this procedure of the nuns made no
" ſmall impreſſion on your judges."

" And yet," ſaid Ida, interrupting him,
" my eloquent defender was refuſed a hear-
" ing. Matters were carried ſo far, that he
" was arreſted as a criminal, which, I ſup-
" poſed, would render my juſtification im-
" poſſible. I could not ſupport the cruel
" idea; I ſwooned at that dreadful moment;
" and even now . . . . when I think of
" it . . ."

" Who can explain all the manœuvres
" of people who are themſelves a miſtery?"
ſaid Herman to the penſive and dejected

Ida. "For my part, I cannot; and, even "if I could, I ſtill ſhould not dare. Whilſt "you were inſenſible, you were carried "away, and the perſon who brought you to "the tribunal ſet you down at the place "where he had received you from the hands "of the nuns: I know, however, that he "ſecretly watched over your ſafety. In "the mean time I was interrogated, and "treated with rigour. I had ſaid, that you "were the daughter of a prince, and I was "required to prove it. Of the fact I had "no farther certainty than the aſſertion of "Mrs. Munſter. The chief of the tribu-"nal then roſe, drew near to me, and, in "a tone of voice that betrayed the greateſt "emotion, put to me queſtions, which I "knew not how to anſwer. I had been "ſtripped, as is cuſtomary on ſuch occa-"ſions, and conducted before the judges, "with my head and feet bare, and my "body wrapped round with woollen cloth. "My cloaths had been examined, and the "chain you formerly gave me was in the

" hands of the prefident. This chain was
" one principal fubject of his queftions.
" He afked, ' How I came by it: If I knew
" count Everard of Wirtemberg, whofe
" portrait was faftened to it: if I had not
" received with it a ring alfo: If I knew
" the party accufed: if I had ever obferved
" on her left hand a fmall mark, refem-
" bling a crofs: and if I could not guefs
" the name of the prince whofe daughter
" fhe was?' All thefe queftions I anfwered
" briefly and ingenuoufly; as well as many
" others, particularly the following: ' Why
" I defended you with fo much warmth:
" whether I loved you: whether I had any
" hopes: whether I had fpoken to you
" lately, &c.' At length I was fet at liberty,
" and my cloaths were returned; but they
" kept the precious jewel which I received
" from your hand, and which, according
" to appearance, was the token by which
" you were known.

" I was ordered not to quit the city,
" and to appear again the moment I fhould

"be cited. This, however, has not taken
"place; and I have just learnt, in a way
"which I am not at liberty to disclose,
"that last night the secret tribunal met
"once more on your affair, when the chief
"arose from his throne, and answered for
"your innocence, on his terrible oath,
"after which you were formally acquitted
"of every accusation.

"On the other hand, I was this morn-
"ing sent for by the count of Wirtemberg,
"who gave me a very flattering reception,
"informed me, that the young person I had
"so ably defended, was discovered to be
"his daughter, and, in recompence of the
"service I had rendered him, offered me
"a present that did honor to his generosity.
"But, alas! the words that accompanied it,
"were far from being equally generous.

"'I am not surprised,' said he, 'at
"your having loved the charming Ida Mun-
"ster: it was natural, and suitable to your
"station. I hope, however, that you will
"henceforth cease to think of a person,

" whom fortune has raiſed ſo eminently " above you, and with whom it is impoſſi- " ble you ſhould have the ſlighteſt inter- " courſe? particularly as you are of the fa- " mily of Unna, and conſequently related " to him who attacked count Everard at " Wiſbaden.'—The anſwer I made your " proud father, was dictated by the rage " that poſſeſſed me. We parted highly " diſpleaſed with each other. He ſent me " his humiliating preſent, which I inſtantly " returned. In no caſe would I have ac- " cepted a reward for ſaving your life, and " much leſs in this."

Herman had riſen from his ſeat, and was walking with haſty ſtrides backwards and forwards in the balcony. Ida perceived how much he was offended; ſhe was herſelf alſo extremely agitated, if not by anger, at leaſt by ſecret diſſatisfaction, which prevented her ſpeaking, leſt ſhe ſhould betray the ſentiments ſhe felt.

" Sir," ſaid ſhe at length, with a trembling voice, " I imagine you have finiſhed

" the recital of your adventures: day is on
" the point of appearing; we muſt part;
" and you have not yet informed me of the
" motive of your viſit. You ſaid, that you
" had to tell me of a danger with which I
" was threatened, or . . . ."

"Oh Ida!" cried Herman, approaching her, with an accent of the moſt endearing tenderneſs: "Do you perceive no danger
" in what I have related? If there be none
" to you, to me at leaſt there is that of an
" eternal ſeparation. And is the fate of
" him to whom you . . . . is the fate of
" Herman become ſo indifferent to you?
" Meanwhile," continued he, whilſt Ida timidly drew back from him, "this is
" not all I have to tell you: hear what has
" happened to me to-day, and judge what
" you have to do.

"When I quitted the count, your fa-
" ther, though he deſerves not the appel-
" lation, I met the honeſt Munſter. Alas!
" he too has treated me with ſeverity, yet
" I would to heaven you were ſtill his

" daughter! I related to him what had paf-
" fed between me and him, of whom my
" lips wifh not to pronounce the name;
" and I was defirous alfo of giving him an
" account of what had previoufly happened
" to me, but he appeared to be in a great
" meafure already acquainted with it. At
" length he took me home with him, and
" fatisfied all my queftions concerning you,
" as far as was in his power. His fole mo-
" tive for quitting you fo haftily at the con-
" vent, was to go in queft of me, to demand
" the chain, which you informed him was
" in my poffeffion, and which was neceffa-
" ry to prove your birth. But foon relin-
" quifhing this defign, the execution of
" which would have required too much
" time, he formed another project for your
" deliverance. I cannot fay, with certainty,
" what this project was, as he did not fully
" explain himfelf on the fubject. As far,
" however, as I can judge from appearances,
" it is probable he took fome fteps to be
" admitted into the number of affociates of

" the ſecret tribunal, as he had heard, that
" an oath taken by a free judge, in affirma-
" tion of the innocence of a perſon accuſed,
" was ſufficient for his acquittal. Munſter
" was little aware of the difficulty of being
" admitted a member of this terrible tribu-
" nal; that it was previouſly neceſſary to
" be put to the proof, and to fill inferior
" ſtations, before he could arrive to any
" influence in it: and this required time,
" whereas your ſituation demanded the
" moſt ſpeedy ſuccour. But as he had
" taken the firſt ſteps, he could not be per-
" mitted to retract, and was kept in con-
" finement.—Unable, therefore, to ſeek
" any means of delivering his dear Ida, he
" found himſelf obliged to abandon to
" Providence her fate.

" At this juncture I arrived. He knew
" that I was here, yet was not at liberty to
" ſpeak to me. I declared to the judges
" what I had heard of your birth. He, who
" had hitherto paſſed for your father, was
" interrogated on the ſubject, and obliged to

" appear before the count of Wirtemberg,
" who, in all appearance, is the chief of
" the ſecret tribunal in this diſtrict; for I
" perfectly recollect his voice and gait, in
" ſpite of his diſguiſe.

" The anſwers of Munſter removed
" every doubt reſpecting your birth; and
" the count was ſo firmly convinced of the
" innocence of his daughter, that he heſi-
" tated not an inſtant to make himſelf re-
" ſponſible for it. What has ſince been
" executed, was then reſolved on, and you
" were ſet free. The greater part of this
" account I have received from a perſon
" whom I dare not name, for the diſcourſes
" of the reſerved Munſter turned chiefly on
" the neceſſity of renouncing you, and the
" impoſſibility of my attachment ever be-
" ing crowned with ſucceſs.

" 'You know,' ſaid he, 'the obſerva-
" tions I often made on the ſubject, when
" you believed me to be the father of Ida:
" you would not then give credit to them,
" yet now you muſt be convinced they were

" well-founded. I will not enquire whe-
" ther a princeſs of Wirtemberg be too ele-
" vated a match for you: but you cannot
" conceal from yourſelf the determined en-
" mity of count Everard to your houſe.
" Though you took no part in the affair of
" Wiſbaden, he will never forgive you, for
" the crimes of your relations. Beſide, he
" has other views for his daughter. As he
" has little hope himſelf of attaining the
" firſt dignity in the empire, he wiſhes at
" leaſt to be allied to him to whom it is
" probably deſtined. Now it is generally
" ſuppoſed, that duke Frederick of Brunſ-
" wick, will one day aſcend the throne of
" Bohemia; and him therefore has count
" Everard choſen for his ſon-in-law.—
" Death lately deprived the count of a
" daughter, whoſe hand had been promiſed
" to the duke; it will, therefore, he thinks,
" be eaſy to ſubſtitute Ida in her place;
" and as Ida is far ſuperior in beauty, the
" execution of this ſcheme appears to him
" certain. After this, ' Would you prevent

"the happineſs of her you love? Would
"you take from her the proſpect of wear-
"ing the firſt diadem in the world?'

"I will not repeat to you the anſwer I
"made: it is of little importance. But
"permit me, madam, to aſk you one
"queſtion: Are you inclined to give your
"hand to a prince, who knows you not?
"To a man, who, ſhould he prefer you,
"will be determined only by reaſons of
"ſtate? To a man, who having placed
"elſewhere his affections, deſpiſed and
"treated with neglect your ſiſter, whoſe
"hand was offered to him, and probably
"cauſed her to die of grief? To a man, in
"ſhort, who, if dazzled by your charms,
"though he may experience for you ſenti-
"ments more tender than thoſe with which
"ſhe inſpired him, will not fail to give you
"rivals, who . . . ."

Redoubled knocks at the door of Ida's chamber interrupted the converſation of the two lovers, and alarmed them extremely. The princeſs haſtily ruſhed from

the balcony, and ran to the door. Heavens! it was her father.

"What!" ſaid he, with a look of aſtoniſhment: "ſo early! day ſcarcely broken, "and dreſſed already!"

"My father, I am .... I am accuſ- "tomed to riſe early."

"You were in the balcony. Where are "your women? You were talking: are "you alſo accuſtomed to talk to yourſelf?"

Theſe queſtions threw Ida into the moſt cruel perplexity; ſhe knew not what ſhe ought to ſay; and had her father put to her a ſingle queſtion more, he would have learnt all, that, under the preſent circumſtances, it was ſo important to conceal from him. But fortunately, too eager to continue coolly this examination, he flew to the balcony. Finding no one there, he returned perfectly calm, and begged the trembling Ida, who durſt not yet look up to him, no more to expoſe herſelf to the chill morning air, and ſtill leſs to the tongue of calumny, by talking to herſelf, as ſhe had done. "The

“ little ſleep you have taken,” added he, “ has made you pale ; you have deranged “ my projects ; I intended to-day to have “ preſented you at court, but I perceive “ that you muſt have another day to re- “ cover yourſelf.”

He then embraced her tenderly, and begged her to go to bed again, as the ſun was ſcarcely riſen, and ſhe had need of repoſe.

CHAPTER III.

SATISFIED at being ſo happily extricated from the aukward ſituation in which ſhe found herſelf, Ida ran to the balcony, to ſee what was become of Herman. He had diſappeared. She could form no conjecture, but he had ventured to leap from it into the garden, to eſcape the count, whoſe voice he no doubt heard. She looked down: all was quiet and motionleſs, except that, at a diſtance, ſhe perceived a centinel parading backwards and forwards, which rendered her uneaſy about the eſcape of her lover, and the injury her reputation might ſuffer. "Alas!" ſaid ſhe, with a ſigh, "muſt the great every where have "witneſſes of their moſt ſecret actions? "And can they never be permitted to do "any thing without being obſerved, or at "leaſt without being under conſtraint? "How preferable was the peaceful life I "led in the houſe of Munſter, to the hu-

"miliating confinement in which it appears "I am to be held here; a confinement "even greater than what I experienced at "the court of the emprefs!"

Ida willingly followed the advice of her father, in retiring to bed; for fhe had need of repofe: but the reflections that occupied her mind, totally prevented her from fleeping. Having remained fome time in bed to no purpofe, fhe at length refolved to rife and call her women. That day fhe received no vifit: the count of Wirtemberg himfelf came to fee her but for a moment. She was melancholy and dejected, and durft not compare her prefent fituation with that fhe had quitted, left fhe fhould find the comparifon too unfavourable to the former. The fole circumftances from which fhe derived confolation, were the thought of the danger fhe had juft efcaped, and her prefent fecurity; the fhame and difgrace to which fhe had been expofed, and her innocence now acknowledged: her heart then palpitated with joy and gratitude to Heaven,

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and the perſon, whom next to Heaven ſhe conſidered as her ſaviour. The narrative of Herman afforded her matter for freſh reflections; and theſe were inſenſibly replaced by the tender remembrance of the empreſs, to whom ſhe was next day to be preſented. To behold Sophia, to ſee her again after being completely juſtified, to relate what ſhe had ſuffered for love of her, and to humble her enemies by the luſtre of her innocence and her rank, formed ſuch a proſpect, that Ida muſt have been more than woman, nay, more than mortal, to have been indifferent to its enjoyment.

The wiſhed-for day appeared. Ida was dreſſed in a manner ſuitable to her rank. She was naturally beautiful; and the impreſſion of her late ſorrow, which was yet not entirely obliterated, ſerved but to render her more intereſting.

Count Everard had acquainted the empreſs with his intention of preſenting to her his daughter. The princeſs of Ratibor was accordingly deputed to fetch the young

princeſs of Wirtemberg, in Sophia's ſtate coach, and to aſſure her of the impatience with which ſhe expected her. Who has not ſeen, who does not know, how brazen is the forehead of an experienced courtier? The princeſs of Ratibor felt no embarraſſment from the commiſſion with which ſhe was charged to her, whom ſhe had ſo cruelly injured: and the ſole vengeance that the noble-minded Ida took of the impudence, with which ſhe pretended to participate in her unexpected happineſs, was a look of diſdainful pity, which ſhe caſt on her enemy.

The count, however, was not equally forbearing. The character of envoy from the empreſs, in which the princeſs of Ratibor appeared, had ſome reſtraint upon him; but he ſaid enough to remind her of the infamous part ſhe had acted with regard to his daughter; and the princeſs of Ratibor, for the firſt time in her life, habituated as ſhe was to diſſimulation, knew not how to act.

The princefs of Wirtemberg was received in the emprefs's anti-chamber by the duke of Bavaria. He embraced her, and made an apology for having been fo flow in perceiving her innocence. The great have the privilege, or at leaft fancy they have the privilege of making reparation for every injury by a few civil expreffions. But Ida paid little attention to what was faid by the duke, for her heart was on the wing to meet Sophia, who, ftill fomewhat feeble from her illnefs, was fitting at the farther end of the chamber, and, attempting to rife, held out her arms to her young friend.

The daughter of the count threw herfelf at her feet.—" Pure, fpotlefs foul!" cried the emprefs, preffing her to her bofom: " how much haft thou fuffered for the love " of me! how haft thou fupported it? woe " to thofe who availed themfelves of my " weak ftate, to feek the ruin of my beft and " deareft friend."

Ida bathed the knees of her fovereign with her tears. " Rife," faid Sophia, " rife:

"that posture becomes only your persecu-
"tors. How I regret, that they are in reali-
"ty forced to pay to your rank that respect
"which they owe to your innocence; how
"I regret, that you are no longer Ida Mun-
"ster, that I might raise you to the height
"of my wishes! Why has fortune done
"what I could so ardently have desired to
"do for you myself!"

Joy rendered Sophia eloquent, while it bereft Ida of words; probably because she felt it more forcibly than the empress. In fact, few persons were capable of loving like her; and the lively remembrance of her misfortunes, and her glorious deliverance, contributed, perhaps, still farther to heighten the intensity of her feelings.

The empress ordered all the ladies of the court to embrace the princess of Wirtemberg. The princess of Ratibor and her daughter, whose yellow and livid visages betrayed the envy that inwardly gnawed their hearts, presented themselves foremost; the rest followed with an air of somewhat less

conſtraint; nor was there one who did not aſſure the charming Ida, that ſhe had obtained nothing more than ſhe merited, and that, the day they firſt beheld her, they could not help confeſſing, that ſhe was worthy of, and would do honour to the moſt elevated rank.

Sophia, who was not ignorant of their jealouſies and ſecret perſecutions, ſmiled with an air of diſdain, and bade them retire, as ſhe wiſhed to be alone with the duke of Bavaria, count Everard, and his daughter.

Our manuſcript does not inform us what ſubject engaged the attention of theſe four perſonages; but it ſays that the converſation did not become truly intereſting till Sophia and Ida were left by themſelves; and that then took place, between them, all the reciprocal endearments, all the tender effuſions uſually felt by two hearts formed for each other, when, having been ſeparated by misfortune, they find themſelves happily reunited. Ida remarked too, though Sophia would not acquieſce in the truth of the obſervation, that her friend opened her heart

with much leſs reſerve to the princeſs of Wirtemberg, than to the humble Ida Munſter, a diſcovery which it is not poſſible for us to ſay whether it afforded her greater pain or pleaſure.

Certain however it is, that this renewal of friendſhip ſo tranſported the new princeſs, that ſhe heſitated not, in her turn, to diſcloſe her inmoſt thoughts to Sophia; nor was even her love for Herman, or the late nocturnal viſit he had paid her, omitted: ſhe allowed herſelf only a few alterations and curtailments, as there were circumſtances in the caſe that related not to herſelf alone, and which ſhe knew not how they might be received.

Sophia promiſed to favour, with all her influence, her friend's attachment to Herman. Obliged to become the wife of Winceſlaus, ſhe had perhaps frequently lamented that ſhe had not herſelf enjoyed the liberty of chuſing a huſband; it may be preſumed, therefore, that ſhe meant to keep her word, and that ſhe was anxious to

devise the surest means of arriving at the desired end.

Ida's ascendency over the empress was unbounded, and she could do with her as she pleased. By her recommendation Munster was called to court, and loaded with favours: a circumstance by no means to be wondered at, when we consider the grateful and feeling heart of her who had so long thought herself his daughter, and which we should scarcely have mentioned, had it not led to a recital which we shall no longer detain from the reader. Sophia was as curious as perhaps he may be, to hear the history of the infancy of her friend, and the manner in which she had been taken from her parents; and one day, therefore, when Munster found himself alone with Ida and the empress, they requested him to relate the particulars of this history, a request with which he complied, as will be seen in the following chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

HISTORY OF THE INFANCY OF IDA.

"O PRINCESS," ſaid Munſter, after ſome moments of reflection, "what a taſk "do you impoſe upon a man who values ſo "highly your affection, and the favour of "the empreſs! You require me to confeſs "faults that will perhaps ruin me in your "eſteem. They have plunged you into "an abyſs of misfortune, and have no "other excuſe but my blind regard for a "woman, who, beautiful as Eve, might "well ſeduce to evil a frail child of Adam. "You, Ida, know her whom you believed "to be your mother, and can judge, from "what ſhe is now, how beautiful ſhe muſt "have been at four-and-twenty. I loved "her; but the difference of our conditions "rendered my happineſs next to impoſ- "ſible. I was one of the principal officers "of the count of Wirtemberg, and Maria

"was a vaſſal. Become at ſo early an age
"a widow, the death of her huſband and
"of her only child, an infant at the breaſt,
"excited compaſſion, and ſhe was taken
"into the ſervice of the counteſs, as the
"nurſe of her daughter. Ida was but a
"few weeks old when her mother died.—
"Maria, before the death of her miſtreſs,
"had been promiſed her liberty, and the
"office of nurſe to the young princeſs giv-
"ing her a farther claim to the favour, in-
"creaſed the hopes of my love.

"Unfortunately the welfare of their de-
"pendants is generally deemed of too tri-
"vial importance to merit the attention of
"princes. A ſingle word would have made
"two human beings happy, and fixed in-
"delible impreſſions of gratitude in our
"hearts: but that word was with-held. I
"was ſent to a diſtance from the place
"where the object of my wiſhes reſided;
"and ſhe was treated with a ſeverity that
"excited in her breaſt feelings of hatred,
"and urged her to a ſtep, which, had ſhe

"not been provoked by ill-treatment, ſhe
"would never have taken.

"The charming little Ida, admired by
"every body, and adored by her nurſe,
"was ſcarcely two years old, when the de-
"ceaſed counteſs of Wirtemberg was alrea-
"dy forgotten, and the count had choſen,
"to fill her place, a young woman whoſe
"beauty and rank were her only preten-
"ſions.

"Her ſentiments were ſufficiently unge-
"nerous to ſeparate from the title of wife
"of count Everard, that of mother to his
"children. She loved, or at leaſt pretend-
"ed to love the firſt, while the others ſhe
"deteſted. Maria, who contrived ſome-
"times the means of writing to me by
"ſtealth, acquainted me with the evil pro-
"ceedings of this ſtep-mother. The ſons
"of her huſband, who began to grow up,
"were ſent to the army, equipped in a
"manner unſuitable to their rank. No
"attention was paid to their youth and in-
"experience, which demanded ſome indul-

" gence. His daughters were ſhamefully
" obtruded upon inferior princes, who mar-
" ried them ſolely from the conſideration of
" their birth. It was evidently the inten-
" tion of the new counteſs to encreaſe her
" fortune at the expence of the children of
" her huſband. The youngeſt but one of
" theſe children died for want of care, and
" Maria did not fail to impute, to the wick-
" edneſs of the ſtep-mother, this accident, as
" well as the ill health of Ida, whom, ſhe aſ-
" ſerted, it was the wiſh of the counteſs pri-
" vately to get rid of: accuſations perhaps
" totally devoid of proof, and which nothing
" but the infatuation of love could have in-
" duced me to credit.

" One day I was invited by Maria to
" repair ſecretly to the count's, in order to
" adviſe with her about the means of ſaving
" her little favourite, and removing the ob-
" ſtacles that oppoſed themſelves to our
" union. The latter became daily more
" difficult, from the ſeverity of the counteſs,
" who continually protracted the emancipa-

"tion of Maria, and, at laſt, abſolutely re-
"fuſed to conſent to it.

"The letter which ſhe ſent me was
"dated at Wiſbaden, where the count then
"reſided with his court. He had retired
"thither, after the long, and, in ſome re-
"ſpects, unfortunate war he had waged with
"the imperial cities, in order to enjoy a lit-
"tle repoſe. As I had poſitive orders from
"my maſter not to quit the place where I
"was ſtationed, it was neceſſary that my
"arrival ſhould be concealed; ſo that we
"could meet only at night, when we had no
"other witneſs than the little Ida, who,
"ſince the pregnancy of her ſtep-mother,
"was leſs noticed than ever. She was kept
"ſhut up like a priſoner, with her nurſe,
"in a remote apartment, where they were
"frequently ſuffered to be in want almoſt
"of the neceſſaries of life.

"Our ſecret converſations were not
"ſolely occupied by the unfortunate cir-
"cumſtances of our attachment. The deſ-
"tiny of Ida was much more alarming to

“ Maria than her own. ‘ Munſter,’ ſaid
“ ſhe, ‘ you muſt not flatter yourſelf that I
“ will ever aſſent to any project for our
“ union, till this infant is in ſafety. You
“ muſt either ſave us both, or renounce me
“ for ever.’ ‘ Poor little innocent,’ added
“ ſhe, preſſing Ida to her boſom, who was
“ aſleep in her arms; ‘ ſhall I abandon
“ thee! ſhall I leave thee in the hands of
“ thy ſtep-mother! ſhall I ſuffer the feeble
“ ſpark of life that remains in thee to be
“ extinguiſhed by neglect. Look, my
“ friend, at this pale and emaciated coun-
“ tenance! Who would ſuppoſe it to be
“ the little cherub, the once roſy and
“ healthful Ida? And yet ſhe eats nothing
“ that I do not prepare with my own hands.
“ No doubt, the air we breathe in this place
“ is empoiſoned. I dread the very looks
“ of this abominable counteſs, leſt they
“ ſhould wither this delicate flower. It is
“ true that, at preſent, ſhe avoids the child;
“ but ſhould ſhe ſeek her, I ſhould ſhudder

" at her perfidious careſſes, thinking every
" embrace was intended to ſtifle her.'

" Love and miſtruſt ſharpened the feel-
" ings of Maria. Every day ſhe fancied
" that ſhe diſcovered new proofs of the
" counteſs's cruelty, and maintained, that
" when ſhe became a mother, things would
" be worſe; that the count would feel him-
" ſelf leſs intereſted than at preſent for the
" fate of his daughter, and that ſhe would
" indubitably be ſacrificed to the offspring
" of her ſtep-mother.

" It was eaſy to divine what were Maria's
" intentions. She wiſhed that, by ſome
" daring attempt, I ſhould procure her
" her liberty, and ſave the princeſs from the
" danger that impended over her, by taking
" her with us. On theſe conditions alone
" would ſhe give me her hand. I loved the
" little Ida, but I could not reſolve to ſteal
" her from her father, and thus deprive
" her of the rights of her birth. Things
" did not appear ſo deſperate as Maria had
" repreſented. I attributed part of her ap-

"prehenſions to her extreme fondneſs for "the child, and her no leſs ardent anti- "pathy to her who occupied the place of "her former miſtreſs, towards whom ſhe "preſerved the firmeſt attachment. I "hoped that the fate of the young princeſs "would be meliorated in a way more ho- "nourable and juſt; and I reſolved never "to commit a theft, which I conſidered as "of the number of thoſe that ought never "to be pardoned.

"An unexpected event induced me to "change my opinion, and realiſed the pro- "ject of Maria, without its being neceſſary "to take the ſmalleſt precaution. What "ſhall I ſay? Love and compaſſion van- "quiſhed my ſcruples; I was impoſed on "by the ſemblance of an order from Hea- "ven; my miſtreſs was ſufficiently adroit "to avail herſelf of my weakneſs; and I "determined on that dangerous ſtep, which "has ſince occaſioned me ſuch pangs of re- "morſe, and the princeſs ſuch a multitude

" of evils; a ſtep of which, I truſt, the " melancholy conſequences are now at an " end.

" Afraid of being known, I had taken " up my reſidence at the diſtance of a " league from Wiſbaden. Every evening, " as ſoon as it was dark, I ſet out to viſit " Maria, and that I might not be ſurpriſed " by the approach of day, returned after " a converſation of a few hours, aſſuredly " the happieſt of my life. I conſtantly, in " my way, paſſed through a foreſt, conſi- " dered by the country people as the haunt " of malignant ſpirits, and which I ſhould " never have dared to enter, had I not " been ſupported by the invincible courage " that love can inſpire. Indeed I had par- " ticular reaſons to avoid it, as frequently " things had happened to me there, for " which I knew not how to account.

" God knows," ſaid I more than once to Maria, " what paſſes in the boſom of that " foreſt. Loneſome as it is by day, at " night it ſwarms with living beings. I hear

" in it a confufed hum of voices, fpectres
" pafs and repafs : fometimes they come fo
" near, that they feem to touch me. But,
" thank Heaven, they do no injury to the
" harmlefs traveller; fo I let them pafs,
" crofs myfelf, and pretend not to fee
" them.

" One night that I had quitted Maria
" earlier than ufual, on account of the in-
" difpofition of Ida, which would not per-
" mit us to have any converfation, I made
" a difcovery that removed my doubts re-
" fpecting that folitary wood.

" It was one of thofe dark nights in au-
" tumn, when the fogs are fo thick as to-
" tally to obfcure the light both of the
" moon and ftars. A dark vapour over-
" fpread the earth; I walked as in a cloud;
" and could perceive nothing but occafional
" fparks of fire, rifing fuddenly into the
" air, which might be occafioned, I thought,
" by an *ignis fatuus*, or fomething ftill worfe.

" I was blindly groping out the path I
" had fo frequently trod, when ftumbling

" against a tree, I fell proſtrate on the " ground. I roſe to reſume my way, but " ſoon found I had totally loſt the track I had " hitherto purſued. Fearing that I ſhould " plunge deeper in the foreſt, and fall into " ſome of the dangerous places with which " I had been told it abounded, I reſolved to " wait for day, and paſs the night on the " ſpot where I was, endeavouring to collect " for my couch what dry branches I could " find in the dark.

" I had ſcarcely reſted myſelf an hour, " when I heard the noiſe, that had ſo fre- " quently alarmed me, and which at a " diſtance reſembled the march of a body " of men clad in armour. They ſeemed to " approach, to ſeparate, to reſt, and then to " begin their march again. I fancied they " took different roads, and ſoon I diſtin- " guiſhed the voices of two of thoſe beings, " whom I had hitherto ſuppoſed to be " ſprites. They ſtopped juſt behind the " buſh under which I was lying; and I " then found, that thoſe voices, of which

" the echo of the wood had conveyed to
" my ears but inarticulate ſounds, pro-
" nounced a language like my own. This
" diſcovery changed my opinion, concern-
" ing the nature of the perſons with whom
" I had to deal, for I had always conceived,
" that the peaceful inhabitants of the invi-
" ſible world muſt have ſome other mode of
" communicating their ideas, than the uſe
" of human ſpeech.

" My courage now began to return; I
" liſtened with eager attention, that my ears
" might ſupply the deficiency of my eyes;
" and I was ſoon completely convinced,
" that thoſe phantoms, at which I had been
" ſo often intimidated, were no other than
" men like myſelf. They complained of
" the badneſs of the weather, curſed their
" maſters, and expreſſed their impatience
" for the arrival of day. I was on the point
" of diſcovering myſelf, that I might a-
" bridge the tedioufneſs of the night by
" converſation, when a few words which
" they dropped made me firſt wiſh to know

"more concerning them, and in conſe-
"quence I endeavoured to approach
"nearer.

"'What noiſe did I hear?' cried one of
"them. 'Something certainly ſtirred be-
"hind the buſh. Is the man, who croſſes
"the wood, gone by?'

"'Once,' anſwered the other: 'and he
"commonly does not return till near ſun
"riſe. Beſides, he never does harm to any
"body, ſo you have nothing to fear, even
"were it he.'

"'But perhaps it is John Herdſman,
"who, they ſay, was executed here.—
"Wherever I meet him, I turn out of his
"way, and pray for his ſoul.'

"'May God forgive him!' reſumed the
"ſecond in a tone of affright: 'See! he is
"dreſſed in white, except that his collar is
"ſtained with blood. Poor ſoul! perhaps
"he was innocent.'

"Theſe words, and ſome others ſimilar
"to them, induced me to believe, that my
"neighbours were talking of me. My

" white cloak with a red collar was plainly
" described, and I could not avoid laughing
" to myself, to think I was acting the part
" of sprite to those, who had so long
" acted it toward me.

" 'Did not I hear the spirit laugh?'
" continued one of them. 'He is endea-
" vouring to provoke us: let us get out of
" his way.'

" 'We dare not quit our station; you
" know we must wait here for our masters.'

" 'Are they gone again, do you think,
" to Wisbaden?'

" 'Yes: God knows what will be the
" end of this enterprise.'

" Some other persons arrived soon af-
" ter, and my neighbours relinquished to
" them their places, after having spread
" their cloaks under the trees for them to
" repose on. My new companions ordered
" the former to retire, and I found myself
" within hearing of a conversation far more
" interesting than the preceding one, and

" which indeed ſo engaged my attention, " that I was on the point of betraying my- " ſelf.

" I learned, that they had formed the " deſign of ſurpriſing the count of Wirtem- " berg at Wiſbaden, where he believed him- " ſelf in ſecurity. One of them, whom I " judged, from his diſcourſe, to be the com- " mander of a numerous band, frankly con- " feſſed, that he was not tempted, like his " followers, by the hope of the immenſe " booty they muſt infallibly gain; but that " all his deſires centered in the beauteous " wiſe of count Everard, by whom he had " formerly been beloved, and who, in a fit " of diſguſt, had ſince given her hand to " the count.

" My attention was every moment more " and more excited; for one calculated the " number of count Everard's enemies, while " another recited their names, amongſt " which were two of the houſe of Unna, " the father and the brother of Herman. " When the dawn began to peep, a greater

" number appeared, and a council was
" held. Two of them related what they
" had obſerved at Wiſbaden: the day of
" attack was fixed, and, to my diſtraction,
" it was the day that was then approach-
" ing. Inſtantly I formed the reſolution of
" warning the count of his danger; but to
" enable him to eſcape, not a moment was
" to be loſt.

" Without allowing myſelf farther time
" for recollection, I roſe gently, reſolving
" to avail myſelf of the error into which the
" ſervants had fallen reſpecting me, and of
" which I had perceived ſome traces in the
" converſation of their maſters. I turned
" my coat, that its red lining might appear
" the more terrible, and ſlowly ſtalked acroſs
" a path, that led cloſe by them. I found
" that they perceived me, notwithſtanding
" the gloom of the wood, and that my ap-
" pearance occaſioned a general alarm.—
" They were all at once dumb, as if ſtruck
" with thunder, and I was at ſome diſtance
" when I heard the following words: 'It is

" almoſt day, and yet there is the ſpectre " gone by! he is in red too: an omen that " can bode no good: we ſhall certainly " have a bloody day.'

" As ſoon as I was out of their ſight, I " quickened my pace, and arrived almoſt " breathleſs at Wiſbaden. I demanded to " ſpeak to the count. The perſons in " waiting were aſtoniſhed to ſee me, and " ran inſtantly to tell him that Munſter, " who was ſuppoſed to be in Italy, was ar- " rived, and announced his having ſome- " thing of importance to communicate.

" I was well received by the count, " though I had returned without his per- " miſſion. Well knowing my fidelity, he " preſumed that I had not quitted my poſt " without reaſon. I ſpoke not, therefore, " of the real motives of my journey, but " inſtantly diſcloſed the plot I had over- " heard in the foreſt from the knights of " St. Martin, (a name they aſſumed from " having formed their deſign on the eve of

"that ſaint), and the moment when they
"intended to put it into execution.

"Unfortunately I related alſo what the
"diſcarded lover of the counteſs of Wir-
"temberg had ſaid of his former intimacy
"with her: and the counteſs was preſent:
"She pretended that I inſulted her, and
"that my whole ſtory was a falſehood, fa-
"bricated for ſome ill deſign; declaring,
"that ſhe had not been ignorant of my ar-
"rival, notwithſtanding all my precautions
"to keep it ſecret; that ſeveral of her peo-
"ple had ſeen me for ſome days roaming
"about the neighbourhood, and adding
"many other complaints of a ſimilar na-
"ture, which ſo prejudiced the count
"againſt all I could ſay, that he gave or-
"ders for my being impriſoned.

"Conceive what muſt have been my
"ſituation. Not only was I ſuſpected by
"my maſter, and puniſhed for having ful-
"filled the duty of a faithful ſubject, but
"I beheld the count himſelf, through his
"own fault, expoſed to the moſt immi-

"nent danger, and with him my Maria,
"and the dear infant whom ſhe loved more
"than life.

"The hour of attack arrived. My
"heart audibly palpitated within me. Yet
"I received a ſort of conſolation, when I
"heard in the court of the caſtle the ſound
"of horſes and carriages, and the clamour
"of the people who ſeemed eager to go
"out: for I then ſuppoſed my information
"had not been wholly diſregarded, and
"that it was ſtill poſſible the object of my
"love might be ſaved.

"To this tumult a profound ſilence ſuc-
"ceeded, that ſtrengthened my hopes, and
"rendered me more tranquil: but ſoon
"the claſhing of arms, and neighing of
"ſteeds, informed me, that the knights of
"St. Martin were engaged in their at-
"tempt.

"I was perfectly ignorant of what paſſ-
"ed, except that I could hear the groans of
"the dying, and the ſhouts of the victors,
"when, on a ſudden, ſome words, that con-

" fuſedly ſtruck my ears, led me to ſup-
" poſe that the conquerors were reſolved
" to crown their enterprize, by committing
" the caſtle to the flames. The threat
" chilled my blood; and my ſenſes pre-
" ſently told me that it was actually car-
" ried into execution. The ſmoke entered
" the little grated window of my dungeon,
" which was illuminated by the light of the
" conflagration. A priſoner, I was left to
" periſh without ſuccour, unleſs ſome mi-
" racle ſhould come to my deliverance.

"'Not conceiving myſelf ſufficiently fa-
" voured by Heaven to expect ſuch an
" event, I tried the ſtrength of my own
" ſhoulders in burſting the door of my pri-
" ſon, and ſucceeded. Traverſing the ſub-
" terraneous paſſage that led to it, I reach-
" ed one of the courts of the caſtle. One
" wing was entirely in flames; my eyes
" mechanically turned to the other, in
" which was the apartment of Maria. This
" too the flames had already caught in ſe-
" veral places.——'Fortunately,' ſaid I

" within myſelf, 'ſhe is ſafe: for there
" can be no doubt ſhe was amongſt thoſe
" who fled in time from the danger. But
" has ſhe actually eſcaped?' added I, as if
" by ſecret inſpiration; and without fur-
" ther reflection I flew to the place, which
" I had never before viſited with ſimilar
" feelings, hoping not to find in it my
" Maria.

" In fact, that part of the caſtle was
" ſufficiently quiet; I ſaw no body; but the
" ſmoke and the heat were ſcarcely ſupport-
" able. 'Surely Maria cannot be here
" alone, when all the reſt of the family
" have eſcaped,' whiſpered the deſire of
" ſelf-preſervation, rouſed by the danger
" that threatened me at every ſtep: but
" love ſpoke in a louder tone, boldly urg-
" ing me on in deſpite of peril; and love
" was victorious. I was determined to be
" convinced by my own eyes, and I haſ-
" tened to aſcend the hundred ſteps, that
" led to the miſerable apartment of my
" miſtreſs. As I drew near, I heard the

" plaintive cries of an infant. I redou-
" bled my ſpeed, and ſoon diſtinguiſhed
" the voice of the little Ida. Arrived at
" the door . . . . diſtraction! it was faſten-
" ed within. The bolts, however, gave
" way to my exertions, and I found Maria
" extended ſenſeleſs on the floor. The
" window, at which, no doubt, ſhe had at-
" tempted to eſcape, but had been terrified
" by its height, was open, and the child had
" crawled along the floor to her nurſe,
" whom ſhe endeavoured to awake with
" crying. What a ſpectacle! . . . But I
" ſtopped not long to contemplate it. I
" threw Maria acroſs my ſhoulders, took
" the infant in my arms, and having thus
" gained the court in ſafety, I ſet down my
" burden to take breath. It ſeemed as if
" an angel had lent me wings, ſo difficult
" did it appear, without ſupernatural aſſiſt-
" ance, to have paſſed unhurt through
" thoſe volumes of flame and of ſmoke,
" that on all ſides ſurrounded me.

"Maria coming to herſelf, we ſeized
"the firſt moment of her being able to
"walk to remove from this place of terror;
"for, large as was the court, we were far
"from being in ſafety there. We ſoon
"gained the foreſt, to which, the night be-
"fore, theſe incendiary banditti had re-
"ſorted, and there we ventured to take a
"little reſt, believing ourſelves ſecure from
"the fire and ſword of the enemy.

"I aſked Maria how it had been poſ-
"ſible for her and the young princeſs to
"have been thus cruelly abandoned. By
"her anſwers I found, that ſhe knew no-
"thing of what had paſſed; that the ſight
"of the flames alone had informed her of
"the danger that threatened her life; that
"ſhe had in vain called for aſſiſtance, beg-
"ging the door might be opened; that ſhe
"had attempted to leap out of the window;
"and that, at length, finding herſelf loſt
"without recourſe, ſhe had ſwooned with
"deſpair.

" It was not till afterwards that I learnt
" the true circumſtances of the affair. Count
" Everard, deceived by his wife, God knows
" with what view, gave no credit to my in-
" formation till ſome hours after my im-
" priſonment. It was then confirmed by a
" neighbouring ſhepherd, who, as well as I,
" had diſcovered the project of the knights
" of St. Martin, and haſtened to inform
" the count. He then loſt not a moment
" in endeavouring to place his family in
" ſafety, while he determined himſelf to
" remain in his caſtle, aſſemble his men,
" and wait the approach of the enemy.
" The ſhepherd offered himſelf as a guide to
" the fugitives, and to conduct them, by a
" ſecret road, over the hills. The count,
" as he haſtily took leave of his wife, or-
" dered her to take with her every thing
" that was worth carrying off, and repaired
" immediately to his poſt. The counteſs
" obeyed her huſband's injunctions; ſhe
" left behind her nothing ſhe thought worthy
" her care; the little Ida was forgotten by

" miſtake, or perhaps dy deſign ; a circum-
" ſtance not to be wondered at, if we conſi-
" der the ſentiments and feelings of this
" cruel ſtep-mother.

" Of all this, however, Maria was igno-
" rant. She remarked, indeed, that there
" was a buſtle in the court, into which her
" window looked, and preparations making
" for a journey, but ſhe ſuppoſed it to be
" nothing more than one of thoſe viſits
" that were occaſionally paid to the gen-
" tlemens' ſeats in the neighbourhood ;
" during which ſhe and her charge always
" enjoyed greater liberty, and which, of
" courſe, ſhe beheld with ſenſations of plea-
" ſure. Beſides, the height of her apart-
" ment was too great to ſuffer her to hear
" what was ſaid below ; as was the court too
" diſtant from the principal front of the
" caſtle, for her to perceive the attack of
" the enemy.

" The little ſhe heard, however, ren-
" dered her ſufficiently curious to endea-
" vour to get out of the priſon allotted for

"her residence; but she found the door "fastened; at this she was by no means "surprised, as it frequently happened when "the countess was in an ill-humour. She "waited, therefore, hoping that the girl, "who usually brought her supper, would "tell her what was going forward. The "girl did not make her appearance: it grew "late: Maria and the little Ida, to whom "it had before happened more than once "to go to bed supperless, fell asleep, and "were at length awakened by the fire. In "vain she sought to escape; despair and "terror bereft her of all sensation; and "when she awoke from her swoon, she saw "herself saved, saved by me, without "knowing the occasion of the danger she "had run, or the manner in which she had "been extricated from it.

"After having entered into a full ex-"planation of all these subjects, we began "to form schemes for our future conduct. "Mine were totally repugnant to those of "Maria. I insisted on Ida's being re-

"ſtored to her father, while ſhe, exaſpe-
"rated at the barbarity with which the
"poor child had been deſerted, ſwore
"that ſhe would never more have inter-
"courſe with me, if I perſiſted in my de-
"ſign.

"To thoſe, who do me the honour to
"liſten to my narrative, I leave it to be
"decided, whether, as Maria declared to
"me, to deliver the young princeſs into
"the hands of her ſtep-mother, and to de-
"prive her of life, would not be one and
"the ſame thing. For my own part, I was
"then of a different opinion. I confided
"in count Everard's affection for his daugh-
"ter, and hoped that he would become a
"more active protector of her helpleſs in-
"fancy, when his eyes were opened to
"the perfidious deſigns of his wife. Ne-
"ceſſity, however, conſpired with love, to
"prevent the performance of what ap-
"peared to me ſo juſt. I could not bear
"the thoughts of renouncing Maria ; and
"to join count Everard, and reſtore to

"him his daughter, was, for the preſent, "impracticable. The knights of St. Martin ſo infeſted the roads, that every paſſage was intercepted; and the animoſity "of the imperial towns for a long time "prevented the count of Wirtemberg from "having any ſettled abode. He had great "difficulty to recover his wife from the "hands of his enemies, into which ſhe "had fallen, notwithſtanding the precaution that had been employed. At length "the biſhop of Straſburg afforded them an "aſylum; but, being a relation of the "counteſs, we were afraid of entruſting Ida "to his care.

"Our reſidence in the foreſt was of ſhort "duration, and the firſt place to which "we repaired was Nuremberg. The loquacity of Maria quickly diſcovered that "we were fugitive and alienated vaſſals "of the count of Wirtemberg, and we were "accordingly received with civility, and "even with kindneſs. Here I eſpouſed "her, having, however, been previouſly

" obliged, before I could obtain her con-
" ſent, to bind myſelf by an oath not to
" reſtore Ida to her parents till ſhe ſhould
" be ten years of age, and, in the mean
" time, to let her paſs for my daugh-
" ter. I immediately reſumed the profeſ-
" ſion of a ſculptor, to which I had been
" bred. Some pieces which I executed
" were conſiderably admired, and gained
" me reputation. I was chiefly employed
" in decorating churches and convents. At
" length I was invited to Prague, where the
" conſtruction of the cathedral detained me
" ſo long, that I became attached to the
" city, where I had reaped conſiderable
" emoluments, and I determined to make
" it my future abode. Meanwhile Ida
" grew up. Her beauty, and an education
" which we gave her, ſuitable to her birth,
" occaſioned her to be noticed, ſo that we
" could not admit her to appear in public.
" Once, however, my imprudent wife urged
" me to depart from the rule of conduct
" I had laid down, and our ſuppoſed daugh-

" ter made her appearance at your majeſty's
" nuptials; a ſtep, young princeſs, that
" proved the ſource of all the misfortunes
" which has ſince befallen you."

" Say rather of all my felicity," cried Ida, tenderly preſſing the hand of Sophia to her lips.

" My wife," continued Munſter, " had
" her ſchemes. She was continually re-
" proaching herſelf for having deprived
" her dear princeſs of the advantages of
" her birth, and yet was far from conſent-
" ing that I ſhould reſtore her to her father.
" She was in reality deſirous of raiſing her
" to diſtinction, and obtaining her a for-
" tune, without the ſuccour of the count.
" She could not forgive his blind attachment
" to his ſecond wife, and conſequent neg-
" lect of his child, and ſhe therefore hated
" him too cordially, to conſent that he
" ſhould have the pleaſure of contributing
" to the future happineſs of Ida. The
" hopes of my wife were chiefly grounded
" on the favour of the empreſs; and ſhe

"felicitated herſelf on the paſſion for Ida,
"which we ſoon diſcovered in the young
"Herman of Unna, and ſeconded it the
"more readily, becauſe ſhe knew that he
"was an object of enmity to the count of
"Wirtemberg. She formed a thouſand
"projects, committed a thouſand indiſcre-
"tions, till at length ſhe ſo involved in
"difficulties her, whom ſhe was endea-
"vouring to render happy, that ſhe was on
"the point of falling a victim to her ill-ad-
"viſed meaſures, when I happily interpoſ-
"ed, and took perhaps the only ſtep that
"could have ſaved her. I diſcovered her
"birth to her father. There was no diffi-
"culty in convincing him of the fact; her
"features, and the marks ſhe had brought
"into the world with her, being too well
"known to him to permit him to doubt.—
"His wife had been dead above a twelve-
"month; and having lately loſt the only
"daughter that he ſuppoſed remained to
"him, and who had been betrothed to the
"duke of Brunſwic, he was not diſpleaſed

"at thus unexpectedly finding another.—
"Thus the heart of count Wirtemberg was
"sufficiently at liberty for him to see with
"pleasure her whom he had formerly
"abandoned, whom he believed to be dead,
"or, at least, for ever lost to him, and to
"whom he has just vowed, that every trace
"of what she has suffered shall be oblite-
"rated by his kindness."

Here Munster closed his recital. Ida sighed, and Sophia promised to act the part of a parent to her, and take her under her immediate care, should the count prove unfaithful to his word. "The point most im-
"portant at present," added she, "is to de-
"vise, my dear friend, the means of expe-
"diting your union with Herman.—Life
"is short; we cannot begin too soon to
"be happy. Fathers are often capricious.
"They conceive that they consult suffi-
"ciently the happiness of their children,
"by marrying them to great lords, who
"possess neither love, nor virtue, nor ac-
"complishments, and whose sole merit is

" their rank. Ah! Ida, I know more in-
" ſtances than one of ſuch alliances!"

As ſhe ſaid this, a profound ſigh eſcaped her, which her friend knew perfectly how to interpret. Ida thanked her for the intereſt ſhe took in her welfare, and entreated her to attempt nothing in her favour at preſent, but to wait rather the operation of time, which frequently brought things to paſs, that, in proſpect, appeared impracticable: a reflection dictated by prudence, which, however, Sophia quickly forgot.

CHAPTER V.

IDA took leave of the empreſs; and Munſter, to whom ſhe was fond of paying every mark of reſpect, having nothing ſo much at heart as to diſplay to the world that ſhe ſtill retained for him a filial regard, and was not aſhamed of having been reputed his daughter—Munſter, I ſay, accompanied her home, where they ſpent together ſome delightful hours in converſation. The old man's narrative had excited in her breaſt the livelieſt gratitude. The variety of dangers from which he had extricated her; the affection, more than parental, with which he had received her, when abandoned by every human being; the uniform diſintereſtedneſs with which he had ever preferred her welfare to his own;—what ſubjects of reflection to a heart glowing like her's with ſenſibility! At his requeſt, however, ſhe put ſome little reſtraint upon herſelf in public, but, alone with him, ſhe gave vent

to her feelings, and let loofe all the tenderneſs of her ſoul.

In their preſent interview, hours had glided away unperceived, and to finiſh what they had to ſay, would have required as many more; for the princeſs took this opportunity of diſcloſing to Munſter the deſire ſhe felt of having conſtantly near her the perſon whom ſhe had ſo long called by the endearing name of mother, and to whom ſhe owed ſuch great obligations: a deſire with which, ſhe had no doubt, the count of Wirtemberg would readily comply

Munſter ſhook his head: he ſeemed neither to deſire nor to hope this honour for his wife; and he was about to aſſign his reaſons, when the arrival of the count was announced. Immediately they both roſe to meet him. He entered in viſible agitation; his countenance portended a ſtorm. He received the careſſes of Ida with coldneſs, and made a ſign to her venerable old friend to withdraw.

" I am aſtoniſhed," ſaid he, after having walked for ſome time up and down the room, " I am aſtoniſhed that you have not " yet forgotten the paſt events of your life. " You are now the daughter of the count of " Wirtemberg, and not of that plebeian, " whom, inſtead of loading with favour, " inſtead of ſuffering to be in your apartment " ment for hours together, and of attending " ing you in public, you ought to ſhun " and deteſt for the injury he has done " you."

" What, my father! ſhun, deteſt, ſo " faithful a ſervant, the ſaviour, the protec" tor of your daughter, when . . . . ."

" He has related to you, it ſeems, in the " preſence of the empreſs, the manner in " which, like a thief, he ſtole you from me. " And can you avoid perceiving the baſeneſs " of the deed? or are you blinded by the " ſubterfuges he has invented to excuſe " himſelf; ſubterfuges, that even were they " true, would be no juſtification? It is in

"my power to punifh him; but I would "gladly wave the exercife of this power in "confideration of you. Let this content "you; and urge me not by your conduct "to extremities."

Ida, little accuftomed to fuch remonftrances from a parent, knew not what anfwer to make, and was filent; while her father continued to walk backwards and forwards, in manifeft difpleafure, till at length he thus refumed his difcourfe.

"I have fuffered to day in more ways "than one on your account. In the morn- "ing I heard of things, that appeared to "me incredible; and this evening, at court, "I have been told of a circumftance which "leads me to doubt the purity of thy heart, "and which, if true . . . . ."

The afpect of the count began to be terrible. Ida interrupted him. "My father, "my dear father," faid fhe, "look not thus "fternly on your child! is it poffible fhe "can have been fo unfortunate as to have

"occaſioned you uneaſineſs, as to have
"offended you?"

"Yes; if ſhe cannot anſwer me in the
"negative the queſtions I ſhall put to her.
"Is it true that the night I was firſt known
"to thee as thy father, the night when I
"found thee already riſen and dreſſed at ſo
"early an hour, is it true that thou hadſt
"then a young man with thee, who, on
"my appearance, leaped from the balcony
"into the garden, and that that young man
"was Herman of Unna?—Thou art ſilent.
"—Thou can'ſt not juſtify thyſelf—It is
"then ſo.—But I have another queſtion.—
"To whom am I indebted for the entreaties
"and importunities with which the em-
"preſs has juſt been tormenting me upon
"the ſubject of the love that exiſts between
"thee and Herman, that ſhoot of an ac-
"curſed ſtock?—Is it poſſible that my
"daughter, knowing, as ſhe does, that the
"entreaties of ſovereigns are commands,
"can have involved me in ſuch a dilemma?

"—What, ſtill ſilent?—Well then, I know "thee; and I know alſo what I have to do; "thy ſentence is pronounced."

The count of Wirtemberg left his daughter, and left her in a conſternation that nothing could augment, ſaving the order ſhe that evening received to prepare for a journey; reaſons of importance requiring, as ſhe was told, that ſhe ſhould quit the court with ſpeed.

Ida well knew the reaſons of this haſty departure. She ſaw all her hopes vaniſh into air. She regretted having confided in a perſon, whoſe zeal to ſerve her had ruined every thing. She repented every ſtep ſhe had taken, even her love for Herman, becauſe ſhe perceived that ſhe ſhould thereby render unhappy a father which ſhe reſpected, whom ſhe was deſirous of pleaſing, and to whoſe happineſs ſhe would have been glad to contribute. To be ſeparated from Munſter and the empreſs, who were ſo dear to her, and to be ignorant of her own

fate, were melancholy ſubjects of reflection; yet to theſe ſhe wholly abandoned herſelf, without thinking of going to bed, leaving to her women the care of the preparations ſhe had been ordered to make. Accordingly her father, when he came to her the next morning, found her already dreſſed: a circumſtance that, in ſpite of the redneſs of her eyes, which betrayed the tears ſhe had ſhed, proved that ſhe knew how to obey, and that ſhe was of a character ſufficiently gentle to yield to whatever might be required of her.

The obſervation of this induced count Everard to beſtow ſome endearments on his daughter. He aſſured her that he loved her ſincerely, and would make her happy, if ſhe could reſolve to obey him; in other words, if ſhe would ſacrifice to him her deareſt wiſhes, a trifle that, in his opinion, ought not to be attended with the ſmalleſt difficulty.

Ida was conducted to the empreſs, to take leave of her. The converſation between Sophia and the count was extremely cold. Part of her diſſatisfaction appeared to fall even on his daughter, for it was not till the end of the viſit that Ida received from her one of thoſe tender embraces to which ſhe had been accuſtomed. "Ungrateful girl," ſaid Sophia, "you love "me not! you have not the courage to re-"ſiſt thoſe who would tear your from me! "Say, count Everard, will you carry your "cruelty ſo far as to deprive me of my "beſt and deareſt friend, ſhould ſhe be "deſirous not to quit me?"

The count knew his daughter ſufficiently to believe that he could depend on her. He replied, therefore, that if ſhe felt the leaſt diſinclination to obey him, ſhe was at liberty to avow it. Ida perfectly underſtood the anſwer that was expected from her, and, as ſhe was incapable of falſehood—ſhe ſaid nothing.

Sophia once more embraced her, but with leſs affection. The count preſſed her hand, to teſtify the ſatisfaction he felt from her conduct, and they withdrew, attended by all the ladies of the empreſs, whoſe eyes, in ſpite of the pains which they took to conceal it, betrayed the pleaſure they experienced at the departure of their companion.

CHAPTER VI.

THE princefs of Ratibor may be claffed among thofe women, never wanting in a court, who, to amufe their miftrefs, or gratify their own curiofity, are ever on the hunt for fcandal. Ida had long been the object of her particular attention, and it may be prefumed, that, when acknowledged for princefs of Wirtemberg, this envious dame would not be lefs eager to watch her fteps and blazon her actions. She was acquainted with every circumftance that paffed in the moft fecret retirement of our heroine, and even the nocturnal vifit in the balcony had not efcaped her knowledge. She was not abfolutely fure that the young man was Herman; but fhe boldly ventured the conjecture, and thus ftumbled by accident on the truth.

She had already feveral times attempted to injure the reputation of Ida, and de-

prive her of the empreſs's eſteem; and with the ſame views ſhe triumphantly related this adventure, embeliſhed with circumſtances tending to give it an appearance of criminality: but as Sophia had already been made acquainted with the affair, in the naked ſimplicity of truth, ſhe failed in her attempt, and was accordingly obliged to change her battery. It was ſhe who acquainted the count of Wirtemberg with the occurrence, and who dictated to the centinel what anſwers to make in caſe he ſhould be examined on the ſubject. And thus, by her indefatigable zeal, did ſhe at laſt attain the accompliſhment of what ſhe had ſo much at heart, the removal of the object of her deteſtation.

Ida remarked indeed, when her father took leave of the princeſs of Ratibor, that they were on better terms than uſual; but ſhe was too ingenuous to divine the cauſe; too ingenuous to ſuſpect, (though at the door of the anti chamber ſhe ſaw them in earneſt converſation,) what, had ſhe known,

would have driven her to despair. For the count had requested the princess of Ratibor to watch the proceedings of Herman, who, she said, had been seen in the city so lately as the preceding evening; and to take some means, if he could be laid hold of, of compelling him to renounce Ida for ever.

Count Everard, it is probable, was not aware of all the malignity of her whom he charged with such a commission: for he surely sought not the ruin of Herman, and would perhaps have wished him a long and happy life, provided it was spent at the distance of a hundred leagues from his daughter.

Meanwhile some good genius interfered in the preservation of the young knight.—What the princess of Ratibor had said was true. He was still in the neighbourhood, where he had remained to watch the motions of Ida, and find some opportunity of speaking to her. By his extreme vigilance he learned the departure of his mistress just

before ſhe ſtepped into the carriage; and the place having no longer any attractions for him, he inſtantly quitted it, and thus eſcaped the dangers by which he was ſurrounded.

His intention was to follow her wherever ſhe might go, and, under a thouſand different diſguiſes, to try if he could not, by ſome lucky chance, obtain from her a word or a look. This he would probably have executed to their mutual injury, had not Heaven ſent him a friend, by whoſe counſels he was induced to adopt a wiſer plan of conduct. Herman, by the means of the little ſtratagems he employed, had contrived to learn, that Ida and her father were to ſleep, the ſecond night after their departure, at a village with which he was acquainted. To this village he repaired by a ſhorter way than that uſually taken by travellers; and as he waited there for his miſtreſs, hoping at leaſt to enjoy the pleaſure of ſeeing her alight, and of hearing her voice, he was

accofted, on a fudden, by his old friend Munfter.

Our manufcript does not inform us, whether this worthy plebeian was actuated by the fame views as the knight of fidelity; it only fays, that he totally reprobated thofe of the latter, and employed all the influence he had over his mind to induce him to renounce them.—" And what," faid he, after Herman had opened to him his heart, " will be the fruit of this mad pro-
" ject? To lofe your time in a wild-goofe
" chafe; to remain to eternity a fimple
" knight, who can never think of becoming
" the fon-in-law of the proud count of
" Wirtemberg; to let flip a thoufand op-
" portunities of acquiring glory; to en-
" danger your life, your honour, and even
" the honour of your miftrefs, fhould you
" be difcovered; and fhould you not be
" difcovered, to fpend whole years in
" ufelefs labours, in order to arrive at an
" end which can never be fo attained, and to
" difcover, too late, that you have followed

"the ſhadow, when you might have made
"giant ſtrides towards happineſs. No, ſir
"knight, this muſt not be. Take the ad-
"vice of an old friend, and quit this place;
"quit it inſtantly, before ſhe who may
"ſhake your reſolution ſhall arrive. Go,
"reſume the office you quitted, when you
"haſtened to the ſuccour of Ida. You left
"Sigiſmond in evil hands. Love hitherto
"may be a ſufficient excuſe for your con-
"duct; but nothing can juſtify your longer
"delaying to fulfil the duty you owe to
"your ſovereign. Strange rumours are
"current concerning him; if well founded,
"your means of ſerving him will I fear be
"of little avail; but your fidelity may re-
"animate the hopes of this unfortunate
"prince. Perhaps at this moment you
"are the only perſon ſincerely attached to
"him: and can you have the cruelty to
"abandon him? Would you leave him
"wholly deſtitute of a friend?"

In this manner did the old man endea-
vour to awaken in the ſoul of Herman a

love of glory, of duty, and of fidelity to his ſovereign; to guard him againſt a hopeleſs paſſion, and to rouſe him from the life of indolence, ſo unworthy of him, to which he was on the point of devoting himſelf. And he had the ſatisfaction to ſee his endeavours crowned with ſucceſs. Herman vowed to remain eternally faithful to Ida, but promiſed, at the ſame time, that it ſhould not be at the expence of his other duties. Munſter, on his part, engaged to watch unremittingly over the young princeſs, and they took leave of each other ſincere and cordial friends.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. THE TANJORE

CHAPTER VII.

HERMAN departed. The information given him by Munſter of the doubtful ſituation of Sigiſmond was confirmed to him on the road. In one place it was ſaid, that he was yet not returned from the campaign againſt the infidels, and probably had fallen into their hands; in another, that he was in the power of ſtill more dangerous enemies at home; ſometimes that he was mortally wounded; then that he was dead. Theſe rumours however decreaſed as Herman advanced into Hungary, and totally died away before he reached the capital, where he found that preparations were making with royal magnificence for the reception of his maſter.

As I am not writing the hiſtory of Sigiſmond, I ſhall ſpeak of his concerns ſo far only as they have an immediate relation with the adventures of Herman. I ſhall therefore ſay nothing of the king's entrance

into Presburg, where he was received with loud acclamations by the people, who loved him in spite of his faults: neither shall I notice the crowd of nobles that surrounded him, or the mutual promises that were made in order to establish a good understanding between them and the monarch. No doubt, the levity, the libertinism, the propensity to drinking, and the occasional cruelty of Sigismond, were sufficient causes of discontent to a considerable number of his subjects; and he had obtained no victory, he had made no conquest, the splendor of which might have thrown these qualities into shade: yet, for some reason or other, the past was promised to be forgotten on both sides, and Sigismond was but too ready to shut his eyes against a thousand marks of disloyalty and treason manifested by the principal lords of his court, and particularly the two Garas.

The numerous guests who were assembled in the palace on the evening of the king's arrival, kept Herman, who burned

with the defire of feeing him at a diftance. —His fituation was embarraffing, and he knew not how to act. To his former patron general Gara, who had found him incorruptible in the late campaign againft the Turks, he was an object of deteftation; and Herman, in his turn, felt no efteem for a man whom he knew to be the fecret enemy of his mafter, much lefs could he bring himfelf to afk him a favour. At length the young knight determined to be his own introducer. Accordingly he placed himfelf near the king. Sigifmond obferved him. The face of Herman was not of that infipid and common-place fort which one may meet twenty times without recollecting a feature; the king befides, when he laft faw him, was in a fituation too critical for him to forget a fingle individual of thofe who furrounded him, and much lefs the perfon who had been the principal actor.

At firft Sigifmond had fome difficulty in collecting his ideas. He appeared thoughtful, rubbed his forehead, and then turning

to Andrew Gara, who was ſeated by his ſide: " Whence comes it," ſaid he, " that " often in the midſt of our joy and convivi- " ality, melancholy remembrances ſo ſud- " denly aſſail us? One of the moſt perilous " events of my life at this moment preſents " itſelf to my eyes. Can you not gueſs " what I mean? Know you not who that " young man is?"

Andrew bowed, and was ſilent. " But " perhaps," continued Sigiſmond, " you " may be ignorant of the tranſaction; you " were not preſent; it was your brother. " You would not ſo cowardly have deſerted " me. I have promiſed to forget the " treachery of my enemies, but never will " I forget the ſervices of my friends. I " was, as I have ſaid, cowardly deſerted. " Already was my head expoſed to the faul- " chion of Achmet, and there was but a " ſtep between me and death, when a troop " of chevaliers came to my deliverance. " My horſe had been killed under me; my " helmet and buckler were hacked to pieces;

" and I had no weapon but my ſabre. The
" leader of this brave troop leaped from
" his horſe, gave me his ſhield, and with
" his own helmit covered my head. What
" happened afterwards I know not, for I
" became inſenſible to every thing around
" me. But there remains deeply engraven
" in my mind, the remembrance of my
" deliverer, whoſe countenance ſeemed ra-
" dient as that of an angel deſcended from
" Heaven. It is that countenance, which
" now recals to my mind the particulars of
" the horrid ſcene: I diſcern it amongſt
" the crowd of thoſe who ſurround my
" table: it diſplays the features of my loyal
" ſervant Herman of Unna, ſo often calum-
" niated. Draw near, intrepid youth, by
" whom my life has been ſaved! receive
" the thanks of thy king, and aſſurance of
" his favour!"

While Sigiſmond was ſpeaking, Herman had liſtened with attention, that he might not loſe a word of what concerned him ſo nearly. When the king had finiſhed, our

hero, tranſported with joy, fell at his feet, kiſſed his hand, and bathed his knees with tears. What glory for him, what ſatiſfaction, to be thus praiſed before a thouſand witneſſes by a ſovereign, who had always appeared to ſlight him, and to whom he had given a hundred proofs of attachment, without his ſeeming to have paid them the leaſt attention!

After theſe effuſions of joy, our young knight modeſtly retired amongſt the gentlemen in waiting; but Sigiſmond frequently turned to look for him, and at length forbad him to quit his ſide.

The proud nobles, who were at table with the king, appeared to have taken no part in the ſcene they witneſſed. They kept a profound ſilence, and deigned not to pay the leaſt compliment to the young warrior, whom Sigiſmond had ſo diſtinguiſhingly honoured.

Thus he received no congratulations, but from thoſe who waited with him at table, among whom he recognized many

an old friend and comrade. But of all the perſons he met at this feſtival, none gave him ſo much pleaſure as a young man, whom he had known when a child, and with whom he had formerly a miſunderſtanding at the court of Winceſlaus. He was in the number of knights attendants of king Sigiſmond ; and as, in the war againſt the Muſſulmen, Herman had ſeen him act with valour, the remembrance of paſt wrongs was entirely obliterated in his mind, and replaced by a ſincere attachment and eſteem. It was Kunzman of Hertingſhauſen, who had aſcribed to Herman, when page to Winceſlaus, the neceſſity he was under of flying from the emperor's court. The reader will no doubt recollect the circumſtance, related to Munſter by the knight of fidelity, when he gave him the hiſtory of his younger years.

Kunzman, who, when he met with Herman in the courſe of the campaign againſt the Turks, appeared to have forgotten his ancient enmity, accoſted him on

this occaſion as a real friend. The place was not calculated for a long converſation; a ſqueeze by the hand, and "my dear "Herman," "my dear Hertingſhauſen," were all that paſſed; the reſt was poſtponed to the interview they promiſed themſelves the ſucceeding night.

The king, engaged for ſome time in a ſerious converſation with the two Gara's, had ceaſed to look after Herman: the gueſts had drunk largely: it was not the cup of pleaſure that circulated round the table, it was the cup of infernal diſcord. Herman had long obſerved with pain, that the nobles who ſat oppoſite his maſter paid him not the reſpect which was due to him. Grim diſcontent, or malignant joy was legible in their countenances, enflamed by the intoxicating wines of Hungary. Much too was he diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe which the two brothers directed to the king.— They appeared to have entirely forgotten to whom they were ſpeaking. The ſubject was the late unfortunate campaign, in

which the king was ſo near loſing his life. Reproaches paſſed on both ſides; theſe reproaches were repelled with mutual warmth; but ſoon the general and his brother ſpoke in ſo loud and lofty a tone, as to drown the ſingle voice of the monarch.

"What!" ſaid Herman to Hertingſhauſen, putting his hand to his ſword, "ſhall we ſuffer our maſter to be thus in-"ſulted?" The uproar, increaſed; all roſe from their ſeats; here and there ſabres were drawn, and the king was at length ſo preſſed, that the ill deſigns harboured againſt his perſon were no longer doubtful. Inſtantly Herman drew his ſword, and his example was followed by Hertingſhauſen, and all the other young knights who were preſent. Sigiſmond was thrown down, and his enemies dared employ againſt him weapons, which to all true knights are prohibited. Upon this Herman ſeized Andrew Gara by the throat and plucked him forcibly from the body of his maſter; and others did the ſame by the general; the king was

refcued, and the knights gained the field of battle. But foon the match became too unequal: a confiderable body of cavaliers was introduced, and the defenders of Sigifmond were fome beaten to the ground, others difarmed, and all, as well as the king, treated with the utmoft indignity, and loaded with chains.

Two only however of thefe had the honour eventually to fhare his fate, Herman and Hertingfhaufen. The others, almoft all effeminate courtiers, were eafily turned from their duty, either by promifes or by threats; and none of them envied the two loyal fervants of Sigifmond the advantage of participating their mafter's misfortunes, of being like him ill-treated, fettered, put into a covered waggon, and conducted to a place where the artful nobles hoped they fhould be able to deal with the king as they pleafed, without having any thing to apprehend from the people.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE prifoners were conducted to the caftle of Soclos. Herman knew this caftle to be the principal feat of the Gara family, and could therefore eafily imagine what treatment his unfortunate mafter had to expect in a place where his enemies enjoyed unlimited power. His expectations, however, which foreboded nothing but infult and death to Sigifmond, were for once difappointed.

The event which led to the feizure of the king was by no means accidental, but the refult of a previoufly concerted fcheme. It had been refolved to fecure his perfon, dethrone him, and put another in his place: but in the execution of this plan, the line chalked out had been outrageoufly departed from, and it was prefently thought advifeable to affume fome appearance of decency and moderation. Intoxication had made the enemies of Sigifmond forget, that he,

whom they thus treated as a vile ſlave, was ſtill their ſovereign, and that this digraceful proceeding would bring public diſhonour on themſelves. When the fumes of wine therefore had ſomewhat evaporated, though the Garas did not leſs burn with the deſire of vengeance than before, they were aſhamed to perſevere in a conduct that might ruin their pretentions to the crown of Hungary, and induce the people to take the part of the contemptible ſon of Charles IV.

The king's fetters were accordingly taken off; and, from the dungeon to which he had at firſt been conſigned, he was transferred to a ſplendid apartment: he was even aſked, if he wiſhed to be waited on by thoſe gentlemen of his court, who were priſoners with him; and, on his anſwering in the affirmative, they were enlarged for that purpoſe.

The ſituation of Sigiſmond was now ſupportable; and it became ſtill more ſo, when Nicholas and Andrew, the two Garas, obliged to quit the caſtle on account of

ſome affairs that required their attendance to the capital, relinquiſhed to their mother-in-law the care of the royal priſoner.

Before I proceed with my narrative, it may not be a miſs to give the reader ſome account of this lady, Helen Gara, widow of the deceaſed Nicholas, whom Sigiſmond had formerly put to death, and ſtep-mother to the general and the governor. She was a young and handſome widow of twenty-five, who had not been ſo inconſolable at the loſs of her old and decripid huſband, as to retain any very durable hatred againſt his murderer. It is true ſhe had talked of nothing but vengeance as long as her ſons-in-law were within hearing, and appeared to enter into their views, becauſe ſhe found it neceſſary to the compaſſing her own: but the impriſonment of Sigiſmond in the caſtle of Soclos, inſpired her with deſigns very different from thoſe entertained by his enemies.

The love of pleaſure and the love of ſway conſtituted the grand features of her

character. Sigiſmond, notwithſtanding his age, was one of the handſomeſt princes of his time; he was a king, he was brother to the emperor, and would in all probability ſucceed him, if Winceſlaus ſhould die or be dethroned. What ſubjects for reflection; what allurements to a woman ſuch as we have deſcribed the miſtreſs of the caſtle! Could ſhe heſitate? could ſhe remain in doubt, whether to favour the unjuſt deſigns of her ſons-in-law, the accompliſhment of which might probably be remote, even did they ever ſucceed, or to ingratiate herſelf with a prince, who might repay her kindneſs by inſtantly ſharing with her his bed and his throne?

In imagination Helen already ſaw herſelf the wife of Sigiſmond, and ſwaying with him the firſt ſceptre in the world: nor was ſhe tardy in taking ſuch ſteps, as ſhe deemed moſt conducive to the attainment of her wiſhes. She enjoyed the perfect confidence of both her ſtep-ſons: ſhe knew

that they would be ſome time abſent, endeavouring to place the crown on the head of young Ladiſlaus : and ſhe haſtened to execute the project ſhe had formed.

The king had one whole wing of the caſtle appropriated to his uſe. His court, hitherto compoſed ſolely of Kunzman and Herman of Unna, was now augmented.—He was treated as a ſovereign, had permiſſion to walk in the gardens, and there was nothing to remind him of his being a priſoner, but the guards that always accompanied, at a certain diſtance, him and his two gentlemen.

Sigiſmond rejoiced at this change in his lot, which elated him with hope. He ſought to develope the cauſe ; and he was not long in diſcovering, that it originated in the benevolence of the princeſs. The portrait of Helen decorated all his apartments, and he had ſometimes ſeen the original, at a diſtance in the garden, not without admiration.

There was no ſnare ſo dangerous to Sigiſmond, as female beauty. Whilſt, however, he paid homage to its charms, he had too high an opinion of himſelf to think any woman could reſiſt him. With the ſentiments of Helen he was ſoon acquainted; her action ſpoke a language ſufficiently plain. His love of eaſe, and the ſuſceptibility of his heart, were daily flattered by new attentions; and his gratitude, his inclination for the fair enchantreſs, who had the art of rendering his priſon ſo agreeable, were heightened by her having the addreſs to avoid him, and give him no opportunity of thanking her in perſon. The view of her portraït, and the praiſes continually beſtowed on her by thoſe about him, tranſformed his gratitude into the moſt violent love. He burned with the deſire of ſeeing her. Secret propoſals were then made, emiſſaries ſent from one to the other, and meetings took place, till the parties were perfectly agreed. Decency led them to endeavour to throw a veil over their proceed-

ings; but the veil was ſo tranſparent, that it left the inmates of the caſtle little to divine.

In this affair, Kunzman of Hertingſhauſen acted the principal part. He diſplayed peculiar talents for ſuch negociations, and completely acquired by it the confidence of his maſter.

Herman had no concern in the buſineſs; nor was there a man in the world leſs proper for the office. He knew but one ſpecies of love, that which he felt for Ida, and of which pure hearts alone are ſuſceptible. An amorous intrigue was deemed by him incompatible with virtue; and he was not politic enough to conceal the diſguſt with which it inſpired him. When yet a page in the court of Winceſlaus, impudence and libertiniſm had been ſeen by him under all their moſt odious forms, and he ſincerely regretted that ſimilar ſcenes were about to be renewed here, by a prince whom he loved, and in whom he diſcovered, with ſorrow, the ſame proneneſs to de-

bauchery, as had difgufted him in his imperial brother.

Sigifmond, not being accuftomed to read in the eyes of thofe about him, a fecret difapprobation of his conduct, Herman was kept at a diftance, and the wily meffenger of love, the complaifant Hertingfhaufen, employed on every occafion.

As Herman's attachment to his mafter had confiderably diminifhed, he was lefs fenfible to the preference given another, and envied not Kunzman the favour of a prince whom he would now willingly have quitted. "To what purpofe is the effe-"minate life I am leading here?" would he fay to himfelf. "Is this the way to raife "myfelf to diftinction, and render myfelf "worthy of the princefs of Wirtemberg? "Oh! fly, Herman, fly! thou art here "wafting thy time in a manner ftill more "reprehenfible, than that depicted by Mun-"fter in colours fo difadvantageous."

CHAPTER IX.

EVERY thing has an end: a paſſion of the nature of that of Helen and Sigiſmond, is beſide ſeldom of long duration, and we are almoſt tempted to give the princeſs ſome credit for its brevity, by attributing it to her little experience on ſuch ſubjects. How could ſhe think to fix for ever her lover? How hope, at ſome future period, to ſhare his throne? Love, and her confidence in her charms, muſt have certainly blinded her, and ſhe could never have heard of the former adventures of the faithleſs Sigiſmond. She had calculated too much on his conſtancy; and ſo completely had he ſubjugated her, that, inſtead of being a priſoner in the caſtle of Soclos, he was become in reality its maſter.

It never entered the mind of Helen, that Sigiſmond was ſecretly contriving to deliver himſelf at once, both from his priſon and his miſtreſs, of whom he was now

equally weary; and her ſurpriſe was extréme, when one day he entered her chamber equipped for a journey. At firſt ſhe was thunderſtruck; but ſuppoſing he might be going a hunting, ſhe offered to accompany him. "No, my charming princeſs," ſaid Sigiſmond, "I muſt leave you."

"Leave me! I am anſwerable with my
" life for your perſon!"

"And is mine in no danger, if I re-
" main longer here? Your rebellious ſons
" are informed of the kindneſs with which
" you treat me: they will ſoon arrive, and
" will load me with chains, ſomewhat hea-
" vier than thoſe in which you have held
" me captive."

"Alas! I perceive they are too light;
" you will eaſily ſhake them off."

"Dear Helen! is it poſſible for me in
" this place, in the arms of love, to take
" the neceſſary ſteps to regain the throne,
" from which I have been hurled? Think
" what you require! Think of the happi-
" neſs, the reputation of him whom you
" love!"

Helen fell into a profound reverie, from which, at length, ſhe recovered to aſk, "whe-"ther, if fortune favoured him, he would "ſtill think of her, and would not forget "the love and conſtancy he had ſworn?"

Sigiſmond, who gave himſelf little trouble about the vows he made to a miſtreſs, readily acquieſced, and his language was in other reſpects ſo tender, that ſhe was duped by his artifice, and conſented to his eſcape. She then prayed him at leaſt to ſtay a few days longer before he left her. The king was all compliance; but as this delay by no means ſuited him, and he was apprehenſive of loſing the opportunity that offered of regaining his liberty, he reſolved to eſcape ſecretly, which ſerved to juſtify Helen to her ſons from having any concern in his flight.

CHAPTER X.

NO one was more pleaſed than Herman at having eſcaped from the palace of this Circe. He rejoiced, that he was at length emancipated from a life of idleneſs, without being obliged to quit his maſter, whom he conſidered as reſtored to virtue, and of conſequence again began to love. Sigiſmond bent his courſe to the caſtle of count Cyly, the brother of his ſiſter's huſband, where adventures awaited him, that deprived him anew of the heart of the loyal knight of Unna.

The Cylys had always been partiſans of Sigiſmond. One was bound to him by family ties; the other, count Peter Cyly, at whoſe houſe he was now a gueſt, was linked to his fate by a ſtill more powerful charm. This Peter was ſurnamed the Weak, an appellation he well deſerved, and had nothing to recommend him but his wife, the hand-

ſome Barbe, formerly maid of honour to queen Mary of Hungary, and for whom he was indebted to Sigiſmond. Barbe was the guarantee of her huſband's fidelity, as, but for her, he might eaſily have been gained by any one that knew his imbecility. She was entirely devoted to the king, profeſſedly from gratitude for having beſtowed her on Peter the Weak; her ſpouſe, at leaſt, was fully convinced of this; but there were people who thought differently, and the ſequel will probably inform us, which party was in the right. Thus much is certain, that Barbe had maintaied the beſt diſpoſition of loyalty towards Sigiſmond in her huſband, who had always need of being moved by ſome external impulſe, to enable him to take part in any thing; and that ſhe was the principal motive that had induced the king to prefer the caſtle of count Peter for his aſylum. Sigiſmond and his two companions, Herman and Hertingſhauſen, were received with open arms; and though the count expreſſed ſimply enough his aſto-

niſhment at this ſudden viſit, it appeared, nevertheleſs, that Barbe had long expected her illuſtrious gueſt.

Herman was not ſo blind on the ſubject as count Cyly. He obſerved looks of intelligence between his maſter and the counteſs; he perceived alſo, that Hertingſhauſen was at the bottom of the ſecret, and treated by Barbe as an old acquaintance. Hence it was eaſy for him to infer, that the frequent abſence of Hertingſhauſen, during the latter part of their abode at the caſtle of Soclos, when Sigiſmond and his people were no longer treated as priſoners, was for the purpoſe of carrying on a ſecret correſpondence between the king and the counteſs; and that his maſter had been prompted to quit Helen, leſs from diſguſt of the idle and voluptuous life he led with her, than a deſire to viſit his ancient friend.

A few days were ſufficient to convince Herman, that the ſcenes of diſſipation which had taken place in the caſtle of Soclos would here be renewed; and that his hopes

of re-entering on an active life, and of purfuing his fortune, were built on a fandy foundation.

This conviction led him to refume his former purpofe of leaving his mafter, as there was nothing to induce him to ftay at the caftle of Cyly. It is true, that it was fometimes propofed in the cabinet council of Sigifmond, to take effective meafures for replacing the monarch immediately on the throne; but thefe meafures were deferred from day to day, and the means chofen for the accomplifhment of this great defign confifted lefs in the employment of force of arms, than of artifice and intrigue; things in which Herman was totally unfkilled, and of which he was even fo impolitic as to own his difapprobation.

What rendered his abode at the caftle of Cyly ftill more difagreeable, was the want of a friend whom he could love, and in whom he might confide. Before they left Soclos, the conduct of Hertingfhaufen had, more than once, excited his contempt, and

here it ſoon rendered him totally unworthy the affection of a man like Herman. Hertingſhauſen did not content himſelf with being the go-between of an illicit amour, he ſought alſo to participate in the pleaſures of his maſter. He had eyes only for the handſome counteſs, and the counteſs put no reſtraint on hers, unleſs when in danger of being obſerved by Sigiſmond. With reſpect to our knight, whom ſhe had conſidered from the beginning as a perſonage of no conſequence, ſhe feared not his notice, and was as little reſerved before him as before her blind and imbecile huſband. Indeed, ſo exceſſive was the impudence of the counteſs, that the innocence and purity of Herman's mind would ſcarcely permit him to credit the teſtimony of his ſenſes. Meanwhile he knew not yet how far this new Meſſalina could carry her effrontery and licentiouſneſs, of which hiſtory has tranſmitted to us ſome account; nor was he fully convinced, till at length ſhe caſt her laſcivious eyes upon him, with intent to draw him alſo into her ſnares.

I ſhall here drop the curtain, to conceal from my reader the horrible ſcenes that paſſed in the caſtle of Cyly; and content myſelf with ſaying, that they were ſuch as, in the eyes of Herman, to give it the appearance of an infernal abode, which he thought continually of quitting; and that the only circumſtance, by which he was detained, was his being doubtful whether he ought to be ſilent, before he departed, or inform his maſter of the abominable practices of the counteſs. The former his probity forbad; and his delicacy revolted at the latter.

In the explanation that he muſt have entered into with Sigiſmond, he muſt have owned his knowledge of the monarch's connections with the wife of count Peter, and that, perhaps, without daring to have expreſſed all the horror with which it inſpired him; a conduct which appeared to him a ſort of tacit approbation, to which he could by no means bring himſelf to conſent: and thus he remained undecided, till new diſ-

coveries filled up the meaſure of his indignation, and precipitated his departure.

The contempt with which Herman repaid the advances of the counteſs, had drawn on him her hatred; nor was ſhe contented, till ſhe had infuſed ſimilar ſentiments into the mind of Sigiſmond. Hertingſhauſen had already, at Soclos, deprived Herman of the firſt place in his maſter's affections; and at Cyly our knight ceaſed to be ſummoned to the deliberations held on the ſubject of reinſtating Sigiſmond on the throne. He diſcovered, too, that the regaining of the crown of Hungary was not the ſole object in agitation; for the ambitious Barbe had inſpired the king with more elevated pretenſions. It had formerly been predicted to her that ſhe ſhould be an empreſs; already ſhe conſidered herſelf as the wife of Sigiſmond; and it is therefore not to be wondered at, that ſhe ſought to inſtil into him the deſire of aſcending the imperial throne, the object of her deareſt wiſhes, and

to which ſhe had no hope of arriving, unleſs he was ſeated upon it himſelf.

All theſe things gave infinite diſpleaſure to Herman. He heard of plots forming againſt the life not only of Winceſlaus, whoſe crown already tottered on his head, but alſo of duke Frederic of Brunſwic, and other nobles, who had pretenſions to the imperial ſceptre; and he dreaded, leſt he ſhould not arrive in time to caution and to ſave them. In this emergency, Herman had the generoſity to forget that duke Frederic was his rival deſigned by the count of Wirtemberg to become the conſort of Ida: he conſidered him only as a prince threatened with cowardly aſſaſſination, for whoſe ſafety, as well as that of Winceſlaus, he would readily, on ſuch an occaſion, have ſacrificed his exiſtence.

Herman was now unalterably determined to quit, without delay, this den of murderers. But it was not ſo eaſy as he thought to eſcape from the caſtle of Cyly. A lofty wall ſurrounded the park through which it

was neceſſary to paſs. To this wall there was but one gate, which was ſhut by night, and ſtrictly guarded by day. Thus he diſcovered that Sigiſmond and his people were no leſs priſoners here than in the caſtle of Soclos. At firſt Herman had fixed on the night for the execution of his deſign: but he was obliged to change his purpoſe, and wait for day; flattering himſelf that he could effect his eſcape more eaſily by means of a preſent to the guard, than by endeavouring, with his ſingle ſtrength, to burſt enormous gates fortified with bars of iron. With this view he went to repoſe himſelf in one of thoſe delightful alcoves or ſhrubberies with which the park abounded, and there was witneſs to a converſation, that we think of ſufficient importance to be communicated to the reader in a chapter by itſelf.

CHAPTER XI.

HERMAN presently perceived that he was not alone in the alcove. His safety required that he should not be discovered, and thus necessity obliged him for once to play the eaves-dropper, in spite of the contempt he had always entertained for so despicable a practice. The reader will learn who were the persons that had preceded our hero from the following conversation, to which his arrival gave birth.

"Hark! I hear a noise."

"It is no body, countess: it is only the "rustling of the leaves."

"I would not for the world any one "should overhear us."

"It is impossible; your two husbands, "as you have seen, are dead drunk."

"My *two* husbands, indeed! A pretty "conceit! You are jealous, Hertingshau- "sen!"

"It is for husbands to be jealous of the "lover, not the happy lover of the hus- "band."

"And jealous they will be. Ah, Kunz-
"man! another time let me befeech you
"to be more prudent; to-night you quite
"forgot yourfelf. Be contented with giv-
"ing me proofs of your affection when we
"are alone: but in prefence of the king,
"before count Peter . . . Surely the wine
"muft have deranged your intellects."

"You are alarmed without caufe. Si-
"gifmond and the count were both fcarce-
"ly capable either of feeing or hearing."

"But know you not, that, in their cups,
"fools become wife, and cowards brave."

"Brave indeed! I would not have ad-
"vifed him, when fober, to ftrike me for
"ftealing a kifs from your lips."

"Fie, Kunzman! You would have borne
"it, and I cannot help thinking of the dif-
"grace you have fuftained. Leave me.—
"I will never fuffer by my fide a man
"whom Peter the Weak has beaten."

"Countefs!"

"You are yet but a fimple page.—
"Leave me, I fay. Herman for me! He

"would not have taken a blow from count
"Peter, nor even from king Sigiſmond
"himſelf."

"Herman, counteſs! Do not render me
"deſperate! You know what I have already
"ſaid on this curſed ſubject. Is it not true,
"that, had he been as willing as yourſelf,
"you would have made him happy?"

"The brave are always happy."

"Heavens, I ſhall go diſtracted! ....
"Herman, Herman, where art thou?—
"Where ſhall I find thee?—Thy doom is
"fixed."

"This might be well in a man who had
"no fears. However, to-morrow count
"Peter is to hunt with the brave Herman.
"If you have any inclination, you may
"avenge yourſelf of both at once. Go:
"let us ſee with what deeds of heroiſm,
"love and vengeance will inſpire you. But,
"to ſpeak frankly, you will return, I have
"no doubt, with your hands and garments
"as ſpotleſs as they are at this moment.
"How indeed ſhould it be poſſible to defile

"with blood thoſe pretty white fingers, or "that ſpruce ſilk doublet!"

The diſcourſe of this fury was more than once interrupted by the blaſphemies of the enraged Hertingſhauſen; and when it was finiſhed, he ruſhed like lightning from the alcove, while Barbe burſt into an infernal laugh, loud enough to reach his ears, notwithſtanding his ſpeed.

Herman was ſo aſtoniſhed at what he had heard, that he knew not how he ought to act. The concluſion of the counteſs's ſpeech would have induced him to make his eſcape, had not a ſentiment of honour withheld him. He had never been accuſtomed to fly before his enemies; and, beſide, he trembled for the life of the count, with whom he was in reality engaged to hunt the next day. From the extreme imbecility of his underſtanding, Herman was induced to conſider him in the light of a woman, and conſequently deemed himſelf bound, as a loyal knight, to protect him from outrage.

He was detained a few minutes longer in the alcove by the arrival of Barbe's waiting-maid.

"Retire, lovers!" ſaid ſhe: "day be-
"gins to dawn."

"Your caution is uſeleſs," anſwered Barbe: "I am alone."

"Alone!"

"I have at length rouſed Hertingſhau-
"ſen out of his lethargy. Neither Herman
"nor Peter will ſurvive the approaching
"day: I have ſet a famiſhed tiger at their
"heels. I know Kunzman; he will cer-
"tainly put them to death, let him find
"them where he will."

"But why? good God, why?"

"Fool, that thou art! Every day am I
"not expoſed to the contemptuous looks of
"the one? and thou knoweſt how the other
"behaved laſt night. I wanted only to ſee
"my lover ſtruck by my ſtupid huſband:
"it will next be my turn."

"And ſhall I be able after this, my
"lady, to ſay that you are not cruel?"

"Cruel !—For the tenth time let me
" remind thee of of queen Mary. Does ſhe
" not ſtill live peaceably in her convent?
" Have I not diſdained to ſpill her blood,
" though it would ſecure my fortune ?"

The ſequel will perhaps inform us, whether Herman comprehended theſe words, or reflected ſeriouſly on their meaning. But the haſte with which he quitted the alcove, as they were uttered, leaves room to doubt his having heard them.

"What is that !" exclaimed the maid, whom Herman had joſtled, as he paſſed between her and the branches of the alcove.

"Good God !" cried Barbe: "if any
" one has overheard us !"

"Juſt as you were ſpeaking of the
" queen, ſomething paſſed me ſo quickly
" .... Ah, madam ! I tremble I
" fear .... Is it indeed true, that your
" hands are not ſtained with the queen's
" blood ?"

"I ſwear they are not. . . . Why ſhould
"I aſſaſſinate a rival, who injures me ſo
"little with Sigiſmond? I never ſhed blood
"out of wantonneſs."

"It is very cold, madam; beſides, it is
"almoſt day; will you pleaſe to go in?"

Barbe was ſilent; and they quitted the alcove.

CHAPTER XII.

IN vain did Herman traverſe the foreſt in queſt of his adverſary. Not being able to find him, he haſtened back to the caſtle, to inform count Peter of his danger. He too had diſappeared; Hertingſhauſen, it was ſaid, had come for him from king Sigiſmond half an hour before, and Herman had alſo been inquired after.

Herman could gueſs; at leaſt pretty nearly, the road Kunzman was likely to take with the unfortunate count. It was not difficult for ſo artful a traitor to carry the feeble minded Peter wherever he could with moſt ſecurity execute his deteſtable purpoſe. The defender of the unhappy victim quickened his ſteps, but ſcarcely had he quitted the caſtle, when he beheld himſelf ſurrounded by the guards, who demanded his ſword in the name of king Sigiſmond, and told him that they muſt conduct him inſtantly to priſon.

Herman obeyed, or rather was forced to obey. Refiſtance would have been uſeleſs; its only conſequence would have been the ſhedding of innocent blood, without, perhaps, effecting his eſcape. He was ſhut up in a tower in the north wing of the caſtle; on his aſking his conductors what was his crime, they ſhrugged up their ſhoulders, but gave him no anſwer; they promiſed, however, at his urgent intreaties, to ſend to the foreſt in ſearch of count Peter, who, he aſſured them, was in danger of his life.

Towards noon the priſoner was conducted before his judge. King Sigiſmond caſt on him, for the firſt time in his life, a look of indignation. Herman ſtood before him with that air of confidence which innocence alone can give.

"Vile, diſſembling hypocrite!" exclaimed the king: "was it for thee to take "upon thyſelf the character of a preacher "of virtue, to cenſure, with ſo envious an "eye, innocent pleaſures, whilſt, at the

" ſame time, thou wert ſecretly attempting " to raviſh thy maſter's property ?"

" Let your majeſty deign to pardon him, " in conſideration of his youth :" interpoſed Barbe, whom Herman had not before noticed : " Perhaps he had drank too freely, " and was not in his ſenſes : beſides, what " is a kiſs ?"

" A kiſs !" cried Sigiſmond : " To you, " indeed, a kiſs ſeems a trifle ! Traitreſs, " you love Herman, or you would not " ſpeak thus."

" Have I then been miſtaken for Her- " tingſhauſen ?" aſked Herman, caſting a look of contempt on the counteſs.

" My eyes, it is true, told me that it was " Hertingſhauſen," ſaid the king : " they " repreſented to me, not thy figure, but " his. But I will not believe their teſti- " mony ; I was half aſleep, and the coun- " teſs is in the right : it was not he, it was " thou, who had'ſt the boldneſs to attack " what is moſt dear to me in the world."

"My lord! my king!" reſumed Barbe, with a ſuppliant voice: "you are certainly "deceived: yes, yes, it was Hertingſhauſen, "and not this poor Herman: pardon him, "pray pardon him, if you would not have "me die too!"

"Withdraw," ſaid Sigiſmond: "the "kiſs ſhall not coſt thee thy life; it is but "a trifle, as the counteſs ſays. But that "ſhe loves thee! that the moſt beautiful of "her ſex adores thee, and would die with "thee! . . . . Diſtraction! . . . Retire; re-"tire from my ſight."

Herman was led back to his priſon. He ſaw what was the deſign of his accuſer. Her equivocal anſwers, the inclination ſhe pretended for him, were meant to inflame the jealouſy of Sigiſmond. She was well aware, that a look, a tear, would protect her from the rage of her lover; but ſhe wiſhed Herman to become its victim.

"This was a maſter ſtroke," ſaid Barbe to her waiting-woman, when ſhe was alone with her. "Sigiſmond ſaw but too clearly

"in his cups. He would infallibly have "put Hertingſhauſen to death. How lucky "that I was able to make him believe Her- "man to be the guilty perſon!"

"Alas! I was ſo pleaſed," ſaid the ſervant, "when I found him here in the court "of the caſtle; ſo happy that he had eſcaped "the ſword of Kunzman; and now a new "danger has befallen him. Ah! why did "I not conceal from you . . . ."

"Weak creature! Surely thou doſt not "weep?"

"And yet you loved him once?"

"Put thyſelf in my place, and thou "wilt then conceive, of what ſlighted love is "capable."

"I could not hate ſo noble a youth, "however he might deſpiſe me."

"Hold thy peace, and ſee if Herting- "ſhauſen be not yet coming. He will, at "leaſt, have executed one of my com- "miſſions."

The maid looked, weeping, out of the window, as did Herman at the ſame mo-

ment from the grille of his prifon, towards the road that led to the foreft.

Night was approaching. A troop of horfemen, iffuing from the wood, advanced full fpeed towards the caftle. Defpair was vifible in their eyes, and the words they uttered, as they alighted at the gate, feemed rather confufed murmurs, than articulate words. Two of them paffed under his grated window, and he heard the following converfation:

" How terribly the boar has gored him
" in his fide," faid one: " I never before
" beheld fuch a wound."

" It was no boar," faid the other, " take
" my word for it; but the fabre of fome
" affaffin. Sir Herman was right, when
" he fent us to his fuccour: furely he has
" the gift of prophecy."

" And there was no life in him? He
" was actually dead?"

" Alas! yes . . . . He was a good maf-
" ter; he never did injury to any one —
" How I pitied the brave Kunzman. He

" must certainly have fought valiantly in " defence of the count, for he was wounded " and covered with blood. And then how " affecting was his grief! He wept over the " dead body, and tore his hair with sorrow. " I could never have believed he had such " love for him."

At these words, Herman shut the window, and fell almost senseless on the floor of his prison. " Behold then," cried he, " how guilt triumphs, and innocence is " oppressed! Eternal Judge! where is thy " vengeance?"

Presently the rumbling noise of a carriage, and the cries he heard, among which he thought he could distinguish the plaintive voice of the countess, informed him that the corpse of the unfortunate count Cyly was arrived. A cold sweat pervaded his body; he moved, trembling, towards the window, but retired before he had reached it, unable to bear the melancholy spectacle.

It is difficult to divine, what were the thoughts and feelings of Herman, during the mournful ſilence that ſucceeded this fearful tumult. A noiſe at the door of his priſon at length rouſed him from his gloomy reverie. The bolts gave way. A female voice ſaid to him: " Sir Herman, " you are at liberty !"

" At liberty! By whoſe order ?"

" By the aſſiſtance of a poor girl, who " has taken pity on you, and who wiſhes, " by a good action, to make ſome atone" ment for the many ſins ſhe has com" mitted. Fly! fly before it be too late!

" Fly! Innocence never flies !"

" What will your innocence avail you " here ?"

" I will firſt avenge the blood of count " Peter, by publiſhing the name of his " cruel aſſaſſin."

" But who will liſten to you ?"

" Sigiſmond ſhall liſten to me. I will " unmaſk to him the hypocrite Barbe."

"My miſtreſs! Oh, I beſeech you, do "not ſeek your ruin!"

"Barbe thy miſtreſs? Art thou then one "of her accomplices?"

"I am . . . . I am . . . . But, for Hea- "ven's ſake, fly. The counteſs now rules "alone in this caſtle. The king quitted "it in haſte an hour ago. A courier "brought him news from Prague. Some "extraordinary revolution is talked of.— "But what am I doing? Away: loſe not "thoſe precious moments, which can never "be recalled. I muſt inſtantly ſhut the "tower, where it has been reſolved to let "you periſh with hunger. Your eſcape "will not be immediately diſcovered, but "my abſence will be remarked; and you "will have to reproach yourſelf with the "death of her who has ſought your deli- "verance."

Herman no longer objected to follow her advice. He took the hand of his conductreſs, and expreſſed a wiſh to know the name of the perſon who had acquired ſo

deep a claim on his gratitude. She complied with his requeſt, and, before they parted, informed him beſide, that Kunzman, notwithſtanding his wound, and the counteſs's intreaties, had been obliged to accompany the king, who, probably from a remainder of ſuſpicion, no longer treated him with his wonted partiality.

CHAPTER XIII.

HERMAN fled, and fled with caution, becaufe he knew that the vengeance of a cruel woman, whofe pride he had offended, purfued him. During his journey, which was long, he heard of various events. The emperor Winceflaus was all but depofed: his wife, the incomparable Sophia, courageoufly fhared his troubles. She feemed to have begun to love him juft as he became unfortunate. She confoled him; fhe confidered his not having filled the place of Sufanna with a new miftrefs, as a merit in him; fhe was even generous enough to lament the melancholy fate of a woman who had occafioned her fo much forrow. This worthlefs creature, defirous of forming her tafte upon the model of her lover, and of affuming the direction of his orgies, had found it neceffary to drink as freely as himfelf; but her conftitution being too feeble to fupport it, fhe died in confe-

quence of her intemperance, without being in the leaſt regretted by him, to whom ſhe had ſacrificed her health and life. "Wo-" men," ſaid the emperor, ſpeaking of her after her death, "are abſolutely good for" nothing, not even for drinking."

While Winceſlaus, ſhut up in a caſtle, owed his ſafety ſolely to the prudence of Sophia, whoſe tender care he repaid after his manner, the affairs of Sigiſmond in Hungary had taken a favourable turn; his enemies were humbled, and, by the aſſiſtance of count Cyly, brother to Peter the Weak, he had re-aſcended the throne. He married the widow of the deceaſed count, and found in this union the deſerved chaſtiſement of his perfidy reſpecting queen Mary, the princeſs Helen, and a thouſand others. Barbe ruled him deſpotically. The only point ſhe could not obtain from Sigiſmond, was to keep Hertingſhauſen in his ſervice. The remembrance of the kiſs, which he could not help charging on him rather than on Herman, never eſcaped from his mind,

Kunzman was obliged therefore to quit the court, and to enter under no very favourable circumſtances into the ſervice of the elector of Mentz, where, perhaps, we ſhall ſhortly purſue him.

The projects of Sigiſmond to obtain the imperial crown, did not prove ſucceſsful. A great number of princes aſpired to it; among others, Robert count Palatine, count Everard of Wirtemberg, and Frederic duke of Brunſwic; and upon one of theſe three it was conſidered as certain that the election would fall.

Herman no ſooner heard that count Everard and duke Frederic were among the competitors at Nuremberg, than his doubts reſpecting the place to which he ſhould direct his ſteps were at an end. He had hitherto been ignorant of Ida's abode; but he now thought it certain that ſhe muſt be with her father and her intended ſpouſe. He ardently wiſhed to ſee her; he was deſirous alſo of acquainting duke Frederic with the conſpiracies formed againſt his

life. But the father, the betrothed lover of Ida, were founds grating to the ears of Herman. Poor young man! what a profpect for his heart, whether he confidered her as the daughter or the wife of the future emperor!

Herman was now in the neighbourhood of Fritzlar, where a rumour prevailed, that the princes of Germany had rejected the duke of Brunfwic, and that, burning with refentment, the duke had quitted Nuremberg, to return to his own country, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Rodolph of Saxony. It is eafy to imagine the pleafure our hero derived from the report. This dangerous rival muft then have quitted his miftrefs, and had no profpect of obtaining the title of emperor, fo much defired by count Everard for his fon-in-law, fhould he be unable to acquire it for himfelf.— New hopes fprung up in the mind of our knight. He beheld every obftacle furmounted, the moment this redoubtable duke had departed from the field; forget-

ting how few were his pretenſions to aſpire to the daughter, as it might prove, of an emperor.

Meanwhile, having heard that duke Frederic was to paſs by way of Fritzlar, he reſolved to introduce himſelf to this prince, in order to inform him of the danger to which he was expoſed. The moment he ceaſed to conſider him as the deſtined huſband of Ida, he felt himſelf doubly intereſted in his behalf. He placed himſelf, therefore, under a tree by the ſide of the highway. The place was ſolitary. The people of the canton accuſtomed to ſee princes paſs, waited not in crowds their coming, to aſſure themſelves they were but men.

Herman waited a conſiderable time. Fatigued with his journey, he at length fell aſleep. In this ſituation he had continued perhaps ſome hours, when he was waked by a fearful dream. He conceived that duke Frederic was torn to pieces by a lion, and that an attempt was made to clothe him in

the ſkin of the prince's murderer.—Recovering from the terror into which he was thrown by this dream, he roſe, and perceived near him a pale and ghaſtly figure, with hair diſhevelled, and a naked ſabre in his hand.

Herman ſtarted back. "What would'ſt "thou do with my ſabre?" cried he, perceiving it in the hands of the ſtranger.

"Thy ſabre!" ſaid the man, inſtantly throwing it into the thickeſt part of the wood. "Look on the ground; there lies "thy ſabre. Its terrible appearance ſtruck "me ſo forcibly, that I was unable to "purſue my way; and ſuſpecting thee "for an aſſaſſin, I drew my own, in order "to defend myſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt a-"wake."

Herman looked, and ſaw near the place where he had been ſleeping, a ſabre reeking with blood. "Wretch!" ſaid he, taking the ſtranger by the throat, "what "means that bloody weapon? . . . . But

" heavens ? . . . : whom do I ſee ? Kunz-
" man of Hertingſhauſen, the murderer of
" count Peter !"

Struck with horror, Herman let go his hold ; and Kunzman no ſooner found himſelf diſengaged, than he fled with all ſpeed, leaving our knight in the moſt inconceivable aſtoniſhment.

At the ſame inſtant a dreadful clamour was heard in the wood. One lamented the loſs of his good maſter. Another exclaimed, " it is here the murder muſt have
" been committed !" while a third cried,
" No, it was not here that he fell : we
" found his body at a diſtance. The aſſaſ-
" ſin however cannot be far ; we had once
" almoſt taken him, but he eſcaped, and
" bears in his hand the inſtrument of his
" crime *."

* Hiſtory ſays, " that duke Frederic entered the wood alone, leaving his attendants at the diſtance of a bow-ſhot. Kurd, the chief of his guards, impatient at his delay, followed him, and found him aſſaſſinated. He was time enough to ſee the murderers eſcape, and even came up with one of them, whoſe name was Hertingſhauſen.

Herman was yet ſtanding with his arms folded, before the ſabre of Kunzman, when theſe frightful ſounds aſſailed his ears; and he now ſtepped forward to aſcertain whether they were real, or a continuance only of the illuſions of his dream; but ſcarcely had he advanced a ſingle ſtep, when twenty voices cried out at once, "there he is! "behold, behold the aſſaſſin!" and twenty ſabres glittered in his eyes, ready to be drenched in his blood.

Some evil genius ſeemed to have arranged matters for the very purpoſe of throwing ſuſpicion on the innocent, and favouring the guilty: for who would ſuppoſe they beheld a murderer in a perſon, who, inſtead of flying, approached with an air of tranquillity, which a villain, after the commiſſion of a crime, is incapable of aſſuming; in a young man, whoſe every feature ſpoke innocence and candour? The only reſemblance between him and Kunzman, the author of the murder, conſiſted in their armour, and the roſe-coloured ſleeve worn by

ach, both of them belonging to the ſame order of knighthood.

Herman had been little accuſtomed to yield to an enemy, without defending himſelf. He accordingly ſnatched up the ſabre of Kunzman, having no reſource but to uſe the bloody and murderous weapon of that aſſaſſin, his own ſabre having been taken from him while he had ſlept, and thrown by Kunzman into the wood.

In thoſe days it was by no means uncommon for a man ſo far to carry his bravery, as to prefer dying in combat to begging favour of an enemy; as the cuſtom of ſurrendering voluntarily, in conſequence of having diſcovered a ſuperiority of number, or of ſtrength, was yet not eſtabliſhed. Herman laid about him like a true and valorous knight. Two of his opponents were already dead at his feet, and others ſo ſeverely wounded, as to be incapable of reſiſtance; when at length the whole troop ruſhed on him in a body, threw him to the ground, and would infallibly have deprived

him of life, had not their chief interfered, and forbidden them to kill him.

" Stop!" cried Kurd, commander of the guards of the unfortunate duke: " the
" villain deſerves not to die by the hands of
" brave men like you."

" Ah!" ſaid one of them, who had ran his ſword through the body of Herman, after he had been beaten to the ground:
" your interference is too late. I have
" given him his doſe. See how his life
" eſcapes with his blood! Sweet ſacrifice
" of vengeance to the departed manes of
" Frederic!"

" What haſt thou done?" replied Kurd:
" haſte inſtantly to bind up his wound.—
" He is not the only criminal; the reſt
" have fled; and he muſt not die till he
" has diſcovered his infamous accompli-
" ces."

Herman was lying ſenſeleſs on the ground. His wound being bound up, he was conveyed to an inn in a neighbouring village, whither Rodolph of Saxony, incon-

ſolable for the loſs of his friend, had promiſed to repair.

"Rodolph ſhall be thy judge," cried Kurd, perceiving as they went that Herman began to recover a little from his ſwoon: "thy ſoul ſhall not take its flight "to hell, till we have learned from thy "mouth the names of thy companions in "iniquity, that we may have ample ven-"geance."

Herman made no anſwer. Probably he heard not the cruel words that were addreſſed to him. His head fell on one ſhoulder, while his features were expreſſive of the acuteſt anguiſh; and preſently, as they placed him on the ſtraw at the inn, his ſenſes a ſecond time forſook him.

Meanwhile enquiries were made reſpecting duke Rodolph. No perſon in the village having heard of him, Kurd diſpatched half his comrades in ſearch of him, remaining himſelf with the reſt to take care of the wounded priſoner, and endeavour to pre-

ſerve the feeble ſpark of life that ſeemed to every moment about to be extinguiſhed.

Towards evening, however, the ſenſes of Herman returned, and he aſked for drink. Wine was given him, and he was preſently thought ſufficiently ſtrong to anſwer any queſtions that might be put to him.

" It is poſſible," ſaid Kurd, to his fellow guards, " that he may die before the " duke of Saxony arrives, who has, per" haps, taken another road. I will inter" rogate him therefore myſelf, and you " ſhall be witneſſes of his depoſition."

" An aſſaſſin! the murderer of duke " Frederic! I!" replied Herman, but with a feeble voice, to the firſt queſtion that was put to him. " O God, the protector " of innocence . . . .!"

" Wilt thou add falſehood to thy crime? " Does not this ſabre teſtify againſt thee?"

" It was ſmeared with gore," cried all the witneſſes at once, " when we ſaw thee " take it from the ground to employ it

" against us: the blood of our good maſ-
" ter, which it had ſhed, has been mingled
" with ours!"

"Let us be juſt," ſaid Kurd: "this
" circumſtance alone is not ſufficient to
" convict him: the ſword of an innocent
" perſon may be made bloody by acci-
" dent. There are things which plead
" more ſtrongly againſt him. I will even
" ſuppoſe that I might be miſtaken as to
" his figure and his dreſs, though I obſerved
" them too well when I firſt came up with
" him, and tore off the cloak in which he
" had wrapped himſelf. But look at the
" ſabre; it is that of duke Frederic; and
" the murderers ſeized his own ſword to
" bathe it in his blood."

The witneſſes drew near: having exa-
mined it, they kiſſed the homicide ſteel,
exclaiming, "it is indeed the ſabre of our
good duke, as ſure as there is a God who
reigns in Heaven! Let us take ven-
geance, inſtant vengeance on his mur-
derer!"

As the light of a lamp, whoſe wick, almoſt conſumed, when repleniſhed with oil, ſuddenly revives, throws out for an inſtant a more brilliant ſplendor, and then is entirely extinguiſhed, ſuch was the effect produced on Herman by the wine he had ſwallowed. This drink, in his preſent ſituation, was actual poiſon; but for the moment it revived him, and gave him a degree of ſtrength and vivacity almoſt equal to a perſon in health. Perhaps, too, his deſperate ſituation, of which he now firſt became ſenſible, made ſo lively an impreſſion on him, that he exerted all his powers, reſolving not to die accuſed of murder, without having juſtified himſelf.

Herman raiſed himſelf, therefore, on his feet, and the inn-keeper, with ſome of his people, came to ſupport him.

"No," ſaid he, with firmneſs, "I am "not the aſſaſſin of duke Frederic. The "ſabre in queſtion had never been in my "hands, till you ſaw me take it up to de"fend myſelf. Long .... And you muſt

" ſurely have perceived me ... Long had " I contemplated it with horror, without " daring to touch it; for I had a preſenti- " ment that it was ſtained with innocent " blood . . . ."

" Wretch!" ſaid Kurd; " and haſt thou " then the effrontery to aver this? haſt " thou the effrontery . . . ."

It is unneceſſary to relate to the reader word for word the converſation that paſſed. Suffice it to ſay, that the accents of truth iſſuing from the mouth of the almoſt expiring youth, produced, at leaſt, the effect of exciting doubts, in the minds of the guards, of what they had hitherto conſidered as certain. He related, at length, all that happened to him in the courſe of the day; and both the judges and the ſpectators found ſo much probability in what he ſaid, that they looked at one another with aſtoniſhment, and were at a loſs how to act.

Kurd now recollected a circumſtance, which, in the firſt impulſe of his rage, he had forgotten; a circumſtance that could

not fail either to juſtify or convict the accuſed. We have obſerved that he had once nearly apprehended the aſſaſſin: he had torn off his cloak, which he ſeized with one hand, while with the other he graſped ſo ſtrongly the hair of the murderer, that he could not eſcape without leaving a handful of it with his adverſary. This hair Kurd had taken care to preſerve; and he drew it from his pocket, in order at once to confound his priſoner, to whom he no longer knew what to ſay. But how great was his ſurpriſe when looking at this hair, which was black, he compared it with the light ringlets that ſhadowed the pale face of Herman!—"And am I, indeed," cried he, "miſtaken? is it poſſible this man can be "innocent?"

The inn-keeper, who had hitherto ſupported Herman on his feet, now let him ſink gently on the ſtraw, and thus interpoſed: "I would lay my life," ſaid he, "that "the perſon you have apprehended is not "the criminal. It appears to me ... Come

" here, my lads, and look . . . . it appears
" to me that he is the young knight who
" has lodged with us for three or four days
" paſt."

The ſervants of the inn-keeper approached. " It is!" cried they at once; " it is the good ſir Herman of Unna. Indeed, ſir, he is not, he cannot be an " aſſaſſin."

Herman had, in reality, ſtaid ſeveral days in this village, where he had given a thouſand proofs of the goodneſs of his heart. In every place in which he ſojourned he had made himſelf friends. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that, in conſequence of the diſpute which now aroſe between the guards and the people of the inn, and of the report ſpread through the village, that the young knight had been wounded by the attendants of duke Frederic; it is not, I ſay, to be wondered at, that the inhabitants flocked together to ſee him and avenge his cauſe. On this occaſion the women acted the moſt conſpicuous part. They abuſed

and mal-treated the guards, and actually took poſſeſſion of the unfortunate Herman, who had ſuffered extremely from the exertions he had made to juſtify himſelf, and from the little care that had been taken of him during the uproar excited on his account.

Kurd being at length ſoftened, endeavoured to re-eſtabliſh peace. "All you "have urged," ſaid he, "is ſtill inſuffici-"ent to prove the innocence of this young "man. If he be indeed not guilty, I ar-"dently wiſh to make reparation for what "he has ſuffered. But, as you yourſelves "know, he may be ſir Herman of Unna, "your benefactor, and yet the murderer "of the duke. This handful of hair proves "more than all your vociferation; but even "this is not enough to ſave him. There "were more perſons than one, and though "not the aſſaſſin, he may be an accom-"plice. The affair muſt be carried before "a tribunal more capable of judging; and, "if his innocence be there acknowledged,

" we ſhall be ſatisfied. For the preſent I
" leave him to your care. Two of my
" men ſhall ſtay to guard him; and if you
" permit him to eſcape you muſt take the
" conſequence. So imprudent a ſtep, while
" it would be of no ſervice to him, would
" be certain ruin to yourſelves."

A horſeman now arrived, bringing information that Rodolph was made priſoner, and that his people were aſſembled within three miles of Fitzlar to fly to his aſſiſtance. The brave Kurd quitted the inn without loſing a moment. As faithfully attached to Rodolph as to the unfortunate Frederic, he would on no account have been abſent from ſo important an expedition.

CHAPTER XIV.

HERMAN remained in the care of his former hoſt. Though his wounds were not mortal, the great quantity of blood he had loſt, the efforts he had made, and the wine he had drank, rendered them dangerous.—He was for ſeveral days between life and death, and would infallibly have periſhed but for the humanity of the honeſt peaſants. An old ſhepherd, the oracle of the village, was his ſurgeon, and cured him by an ointment compoſed of various ſimples, among which our manuſcript mentions, as the principal, moſs taken from a dead man's ſkull and blanched by the rays of the ſun: a fact which we pretend not to diſpute, having little ſkill in ſuch matters.*

* The moſs which grows on the ſkull of a man unburied, was celebrated, in the days of ſuperſtition, for its medicinal virtues, and made a grand ingredient of the famous ſympathetic powder, which was ſaid to

By degrees our hero recovered ſo as to be able to walk. He converſed freely with his hoſts on the terrible adventure that had ſo nearly coſt him his life, on the gratitude he owed them, and the recompenſe that was due to their generoſity: but he had neither ſpeech nor ears when they adviſed him ſecretly to make his eſcape. In vain was it repreſented to him, that he might find it difficult to clear himſelf before prejudiced judges; in vain was he told that there was nobody to detain him, the men left to guard him having withdrawn: he remained true to the principle he had lately avowed at the caſtle of Cyly, *innocence never flies*, and reſolved to wait for his accuſers; or, if they did not come, to repair to Nuremberg, and take for his judges the princes who were there aſſembled.

The latter was the meaſure he adopted. The people of duke Rodolph, among whom

cure the moſt deſperate wound, at the diſtance of half the globe, merely by being applied to the weapon with which the wound was inflicted. T.

was now the faithful Kurd, more attentive to the means of delivering their maſter, than of avenging duke Frederic, appeared to have wholly forgotten him. He was forced, therefore, to proceed to Nuremberg, and deliver himſelf up to the princes of the German empire, in whoſe juſtice he had the fulleſt confidence; or ſubmit to bear the diſgrace of being ſuſpected of murder. His arguments at length brought over his hoſts to his opinion, and they accompanied him on his way to a diſtance from the village, not leaving him till they arrived at the fatal tree, where treacherous ſleep had been ſo near delivering him into the arms of death.

"Let this tree," ſaid he, as he quitted the crowd that accompanied him, "Let "this tree teſtify my innocence! You, "my friends, believe it only from attach-"ment to me: but why cannot this "trunk ſpeak, this trunk, under the "branches of which I ſo peaceably ſlept, "when the lion that had devoured duke "Frederic preſented itſelf before me in my

" dream, and attempted to cover me with " his blood? Why are not these leaves so " many tongues to attest the truth? Why " do not those ærial spirits, that invisibly " hovered over Kunzman and me, appear, " and bear witness against the murderer?"

" Give me leave, sir knight," said one of the oldest of the company, " to give you " a word of advice. You know what we " think of you; but the princes, into whose " hands you are going to place yourself, are " not all Roberts count palatine, or Alberts " of Austria. There are amongst them " many, whose penetration is not clear " enough to discover innocence enveloped " in such obscurity; and perhaps there may " be others, who would not be sorry to see " the innocent suspected of their own hor- " rid crime. Above all, trust not to the " elector of Mentz. Since the assassination " of duke Frederic, strange reports have " been spread in the neighbourhood; and " of this at least we are certain, that he and " the duke were never friends."

Having received this advice, Herman purſued his way to Nuremberg; where, on his arrival, his firſt buſineſs was to inquire after Ida: a circumſtance from which the reader may poſſibly infer, that the hope of ſeeing her was as great an inducement to him to viſit that city, as the deſire of juſtifying his innocence.

He ſoon learnt that the count of Wirtemberg had juſt departed on a ſhort journey, and that in the mean time his daughter remained alone at his houſe, out of which, however, ſhe was never ſeen. He longed to have an interview with her; he was aware of the difficulty of the enterprize; but ought he, becauſe ſucceſs was uncertain, to hazard the never ſeeing her more?

Love rendered him bold and ingenious, and the project with which it inſpired him was ſo ſimple, and ſo eaſy of execution, that it appeared impoſſible for him not to ſucceed. Who, indeed, would dare ſhut the door againſt a knight, profeſſing to be ſent to the princeſs from the count of Wir-

temberg, her father? He was introduced, therefore, without delay, and prefented himfelf before her.

"Herman!" exclaimed Ida, the inftant he fell at her feet; "Herman fent here by "my father!"

"Would Ida be offended, fhould love "have dictated to me this innocent ftrata- "gem?"

"O Herman! Herman!" refumed the princefs, ftooping towards him: "where "haft thou been wandering fo long? And "whence that deadly palenefs? Whence "thofe languid eyes?"

We have already more than once had occafion to remark, that our hero was never fo well received by his miftrefs as when he came upon her unexpectedly. Of this fhe now gave a frefh proof. It was fome time before fhe withdrew herfelf from his embrace, before fhe reprefented to him what decorum required of her; and he was too fenfible of his advantage, to recal her from

her pleaſing ſelf-forgetfulneſs by any ill-timed queſtion.

"Riſe, ſir Herman: ſaid Ida at length, bluſhing and turning away her lovely face: "how ſtrangely are we acting! . . . . You "ſaid you brought news of my father: "is he well? will he be ſoon at home?"

Herman had not yet mentioned the name of count Everard, but he did not think fit to tell her ſo: he thought, no doubt, that, either ſhe knew not what ſhe ſaid, or to hide her emotion aſked the firſt queſtion that occurred.

On her invitation he ſat down by her ſide, and, after a ſhort interval, during which, neither well knew what to ſay, a kind of converſation between them began, which became imperceptibly more regular, and they reciprocally informed each other of what it was of moſt importance for them to know.

Ida's tale was not long. Her life, under the direction of a rigid father, was as uniform as that of other young ladies of her

time. In thoſe rude and unpoliſhed days, young women were ſeldom permitted to ſhow themſelves in public, and their conduct was ſcrupulouſly watched, that nothing might occur to tarniſh their reputation.—Though the daughters of princes were ſometimes an exception to this rule, count Everard was reſolved, reſpecting Ida, to purſue the eſtabliſhed cuſtom. He had always preſent to his imagination that Herman of Unna, who had leaped from the balcony of his daughter's apartment into the garden to eſcape being ſeen, and who had ſo powerful an advocate in the empreſs.—Beſides, Ida was far too handſome to be expoſed to the eyes of all the libertine youths whom the diet had attracted to Nuremberg. The late duke of Brunſwic himſelf had ſeen her but twice, tho' the count had caſt his eyes upon him for a ſon-in-law; but the duke was to become the ſpouſe of Ida only on condition of his obtaining the imperial crown.

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Herman was delighted with the princefs's recital, which fhe delivered with her wonton franknefs. In his heart, he thanked count Everard for having fo carefully watched over his treafure, and he openly applauded himfelf, on the cunning with which he had cheated the vigilance of her guards. She hinted to him, not to be too much elated, as he was indebted for his fuccefs folely to chance, and the abfence of a ftrict duenna, who was gone to church, and whofe return fhe expected every moment.

The moft important fubject of converfation, had not yet been touched by our two lovers, and there was no time to lofe. Herman, therefore, haftened to relate his adventures, and the motives of his arrival at Nuremberg.

It would be fuperfluous to mention, the deep impreffion made on the heart of the young princefs by his tale. Of all the dangers her dear Herman had run, that to which he was at prefent expofed, appeared

to her the moſt terrible. She trembled to think that he was going voluntarily to preſent himſelf before judges, whom ſhe was far from knowing well enough to be certain, that they would effectually protect him.— She prayed, ſhe intreated him, with tears in her eyes, to wait for his accuſers, adding, that he ought to conſider himſelf as fully juſtified, if they did not appear; God, and his own conſcience, completely acquitting him. At any rate, prudence required him to provide for his ſafety by flight, till the particulars of the engagement, which had been reported to have taken place between the raviſhers of duke Rodolph and his people, were known, as perhaps, it would then be found, that not one of his accuſers remained alive to teſtify againſt him.

Her looks were expreſſive of the mingled ſentiments of love and fear, as ſhe thus endeavoured to convince him, by reaſons of every kind, good as well as bad, of the neceſſity of his abſconding: but his reſolution was unſhaken.

"Should I be worthy of thee," cried he, "could I for a moment deſerve thy "hand, thou model of perfection, if I "ſought not to clear myſelf from the charge "of murder? . . . . No: it ſuffices not that "God and my own conſcience, that you "and other virtuous minds are aſſured of "my innocence; the whole world ought to "know that Herman of Unna is not an "aſſaſſin; that at leaſt it is not on ſuch an "account, he is forbidden to aſpire to the "hand of the princeſs of Wirtemberg.

CHAPTER XV.

THE lovers now ſeparated. Herman quitted the princeſs, with a determination to proceed in the execution of his deſign; and Ida remained plunged in the profoundeſt ſorrow. The remembrance, however, of a ſimilar danger, to which ſhe had herſelf been expoſed, and the ſurpriſing manner in which ſhe had been extricated from it, prevented her fears from being converted into deſpair.—"The "tribunal before which I was cited, was it "not infinitely more formidable?" ſaid ſhe to herſelf. "This at leaſt will be "held in open day, and in the face of the "world; whereas mine was covered with "eternal night . . . . Yet I eſcaped . . . . "Be not diſcouraged, Ida; he is innocent; "he appears voluntarily, without being "accuſed; and, ſhould every other means "of defence be wanting, ſtill he has his "ſword. No: do not deſpair. The or-"deal to which he ſubmits himſelf, will re-"down to his glory, and perhaps contri-"bute to his happineſs and thy own!"

Herman had quitted the apartment but a few minutes, when the duenna returned, who ſeldom left her, except when, to procure a few hours relief from her company, Ida feigned indiſpoſition. The princeſs had been a ſtranger to falſehood and diſſimulation, till a ſtrict and ſuſpicious watch over her, had in a manner compelled her to have recourſe to them. She trembled leſt the name of the young man who had viſited her ſhould be aſked. He had entered and gone out in preſence of all the people who waited in the anti-chamber. She was too noble minded to deſire her domeſtic to conceal the circumſtance; and ſhe expected every moment, that Cunegunda would put ſome quſtion to her, which ſhe ſhould not know how to anſwer. For this time, however, her alarms were falſe; even her melancholy did not appear to be obſerved; nor was it till the evening of the following day, that the old lady introduced a converſation, little calculated to give conſolation to our fair mourner.

"Will your tears never ceafe, prin-
"cefs?" faid the duenna; "It appears to
"me, that they flow more copiouſly within
"this day or two."

"It may be ſo."

"And for what reaſon? .... Why
"conceal it from me? Is it a crime for a
"young lady of your age to be in love; or,
"when ſo unfortunate in her attachment,
"to lament the loſs of her lover?"

The tears of Ida increaſed.

"Poor child! To loſe him in ſo terrible
"a manner too, by murder! .... Yet you
"have one comfort left; the crime will be
"revenged; his death will not go unpuniſh-
"ed; the criminal has ſurrendered himſelf."

Ida dried her tears, and looking ſted-
faſtly at the duenna, with a countenance
of deſpair: "Of whom," ſaid ſhe, "art
"thou talking?"

"The aſſaſſin of duke Frederic, your
"betrothed huſband, I ſay, has ſurrendered
"himſelf into the hands of juſtice."

"Well! And he has been acquitted, I
"hope? You know . . . . I know . . . .
"No matter, he is known to be innocent."

"Permit me, princeſs, to aſk, in my
"turn, of whom you are talking?"

"Of ſir . . . . Oh! my head is bewil-
"dered! I know not what I ſay. Pray, if
"you muſt talk, talk by yourſelf, for you ſee
"I am not in a ſtate to anſwer you."

The old lady began a tale, which made ſo deep an impreſſion upon Ida, that at its concluſion her ſenſes forſook her. How was it poſſible for her to hear without emotion, that Herman had appeared before the tribunal of princes; that he had faithfully related every circumſtance both for and againſt himſelf; and that, inſtead of being inſtantly acquitted, he had been ſent to priſon, and ordered to be cloſely confined, till farther information could be obtained.

"I entreat you," ſaid Ida, after ſhe had come to herſelf, and been tormented with a thouſand queſtions reſpecting her ſudden indiſpoſition, which ſhe anſwered, no

doubt, incoherently enough. "I entreat "you to begin your tale again. If the de- "fire of feeing duke Frederic avenged, be, "as you fuppofe, the caufe of my illnefs, "you ought to conceal nothing from me. "Tell me then, in the firft place, who were "his . . . . who were the judges of the "ftranger ?"

"Judges, indeed! God and all his "faints forgive them ?" cried the duenna: "Such judges were furely never feen fince "the world began! I except, however, the "elector of Mentz; he did his duty; it was "he who ordered the murderer to be feized "and fent to prifon."

"Seized and fent to prifon! Were you "prefent ?"

"Yes: the judges were fitting in open "court as I come this morning from mafs."

"It is impoffible! The world cannot "be fo blind, as not to fee his innocence ". . . . But tell me, who were the reft of "his judges ?"

"The majority were favourable to him, "and would have acquitted him, but they "were over-ruled."

"Worthy, virtuous men! .... But "their names, their names, Cunegunda!"

"You know, as well as I, the prince "who has the moſt influence here, and "who is ſure to take care that no good "ſhall be done. You muſt not, there- "fore, expect to be the daughter of an em- "peror, as long as ...."

"Oh! do not thus urge my patience "beyond bearing! Let who will be em- "peror, ſo this poor ...."

"Ah! princeſs, princeſs!" interrupted Cunegunda, holding up her finger in an action of threatening .... "But, no "matter; I will indulge you for once.— "The perſons moſt inclined to favour this "man, for whom, God knows why, you "are ſo greatly intereſted, were Robert "count Palatine, duke Albert, and old "Jadoc of Moravia; all rivals, and ſecret

"enemies of your father; perhaps, too, "accomplices in the death of your pro-"mifed hufband, and therefore, defenders "of the affaffin, who certainly would not "have prefented himfelf, had he not been "fure in finding in them an unjuft pro-"tection."

"And the elector of Mentz?" faid Ida.

"He alone did his duty. He ordered "the murderer to be detained, in fpite of "the oppofition of his partifans, the num-"ber of whom increafed every moment, "and who would forthwith have fet him "at liberty."

"And do you think, my dear Cune-"gunda, he runs no rifk of being affaffi-"nated in his prifon?"

"What the murderer?"

"Oh, do not give him fo odious an ap-"pellation! How can you be fo imbittered "againft a ftranger?"

"A ftranger! In truth, princefs, I be-"lieve the chevalier Unna is more a

"ſtranger to me than to you: but.... I
"wiſh your father was returned."

From this period there ſubſiſted a coolneſs between the princeſs and her governante. Ida, aſhamed of having ſuffered her ſecret to be thus penetrated, hated the enemy of the innocent Herman; while the old duenna, having learnt all ſhe wanted to know, and having no need of any freſh explanation, took care to be ſilent reſpecting the farther proceedings in this affair. Indeed ſhe had nothing to communicate but what would have been pleaſing to the princeſs, and her heart was too black, too malevolent, to think of affording conſolation, however oppreſſed might be the mind that wanted it.

Herman had preſented himſelf before the princes. His ſimple and ingenious tale, clothed in the artleſs language of truth; his intereſting figure; his open countenance, no equivocal index of the candour and goodneſs of his heart; his voluntary appearance; all ſpoke in his favour,

and would have been ſufficient to exculpate him from the crime of which he was accuſed, had even no other witneſſes appeared to atteſt his innocence. But the peaſants of the village where Herman had been cured of his wounds, having his ſafety at heart, had followed him, and preſented themſelves in court the moment he appeared before the judges.

In thoſe days juſtice was adminiſtered in a more expeditious and ſummary way than at preſent. The friends of Herman, who were at the ſame time the friends of virtue, Robert, Albert and Jadoc, had too ardent a deſire of rendering innocence triumphant, and of humbling the elector of Mentz, not to inſiſt on the trial's being reſumed the next day; and it was then that our hero was completely acquitted and obtained his diſcharge. Kurd, commander of the guards of the murdered prince, appeared, and was examined apart. His depoſition agreed perfectly with that of Herman, and he declared, that he had no complaint to make

againſt him, but, on the contrary, that he believed him innocent. He produced the lock of hair which he had torn from the head of the aſſaſſin as he eſcaped, and which evidently belonged not to the priſoner.

The friends of our knight liſtened with great pleaſure to this depoſition; but the elector of Mentz did not appear to be ſatiſfied till he learnt that Kunzman had ultimately eſcaped, as well as an accomplice that was with him. The enemies of Herman were then deſirous of inferring that he might be the accomplice who fled. But Jadoc obſerved, that it was for them, not the priſoner, to prove this; which, from the teſtimonies exhibited of his innocence, he was ſure they would find impoſſible.

To relate all that was urged on both ſides the queſtion would be tedious: ſuffice it therefore to ſay, that Herman's innocence was judiciouſly acknowledged, and that many of the princes could not avoid

entertaining ſuſpicions of John of Mentz, to whom they ſcrupled not to hint them.—It may be proper alſo to add, that Kunzman, the murderer of duke Frederic, was in the ſervice of the elector.

Of the ſeveral princes, whoſe affection our hero had gained on this occaſion, not one was more attached to him than the young Albert of Auſtria, whoſe character was regarded as a miniature likeneſs of Herman. Hiſtory ſpeaks highly of the virtues of Albert, and particularly of his generoſity. Judge, reader, from this, what muſt have been the character of the chevalier Unna.

The young knight had the good fortune to pleaſe duke Albert at firſt ſight. His great qualities, far from exciting envy in this prince, determined him to unite himſelf to our youth by the bonds of the tendereſt friendſhip, and to ſet aſide all difference of rank and birth.

The trial being at an end, duke Albert gave Herman an invitation to come and ſee

him. It was with difficulty he could refrain from teſtifying at once the inclination he felt for him; but prudence required that he ſhould avoid, by a too ſudden diſcloſure, exciting pride in him, and jealouſy perhaps in others. Herman was requeſted to relate his adventures; a requeſt with which he complied; and he ſpoke with ſo much frankneſs of what concerned himſelf, and ſo much diſcretion of thoſe who figured in his ſtory, that the good opinion Albert had conceived of him was ſo far increaſed, as to make him forget his reſolution; and Herman, ere he quitted the houſe, where, a few hours before, his fate was pending, was received into the number of the principal gentlemen of that prince, juſtly eſteemed one of the moſt virtuous of his time.

Ida knew nothing of this happy change. Her governante, as we have obſerved, did not think proper to acquaint her with any thing pleaſing reſpecting her lover, of

whom count Everard, when he gave his daughter to her charge, had particularly directed her to be cautious, but who, notwithstanding, as the duenna learnt, had been adroit enough to elude her vigilance, and procure an interview with the princess.

The sole thing of which Ida was informed, was, that Herman's fate was that day to be decided. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that she passed the night which preceded it without sleep, and the morning in extreme agitation.

From her window she had seen the princes assemble at the house of old Jadoc. She felt, as she saw those enter whom Cunegunda had mentioned as friendly to Herman, a sentiment of gratitude, and of hatred at sight of the others, particularly the elector of Mentz. The prisoner was brought under a strong guard. By their armour she could distinguish the people of the late duke of Brunswic. The duenna

explained to her their intentions with the moſt provoking malignity. The trial had laſted for ſome hours, yet nothing could induce her to quit the window but her extreme wearineſs, which at length ſhe could no longer ſupport.

The princeſs had been put to bed, and Cunegunda, who believed her to be aſleep, had gone out in queſt of news to ſatisfy her malicious curioſity. She ſoon learned what would have imparted inſtant eaſe, and revived the drooping ſpirits of her charge, but ſhe was too cruel to adminiſter the remedy.

Meanwhile Ida had lain on her bed without ſleeping. An uncommon noiſe, which ſhe heard in the ſtreet, excited her attention; ſhe forgot her feebleneſs, and ran to the window. The people were ruſhing in crowds from the houſe of Jadoc, and ſhe fancied that ſhe could diſtinguiſh in their ſhouts ſome words of comfort.

The crowd increaſed. Preſently duke Albert appeared on horſeback with his at-

tendants. The perſon neareſt to him, and who ſeemed rather to ride by his ſide than to follow him, was a young man of the ſize and ſtature of Herman, and accoutred like him. The duke was in familiar converſation with him, and appeared to pay him particular attention.

Ida opened the window to obtain a better view. The cavalcade now paſſed near her. The young man, whoſe roſe-coloured ſleeve ſhe could eaſily diſtinguiſh, was no other than Herman himſelf. She felt as if ſhe ſhould expire with joy. The moment our knight of fidelity perceived her, he kiſſed the badge of his order, as if to ſay, "for thee only do I wear it." Duke Albert alſo ſaw, and reſpectfully ſaluted the princeſs. A confuſed murmur was heard among the people, which preſently broke out into ſhouts of "Long live duke Albert, "the protector of innocence! Long live "the good ſir Herman, ſo honourably acquitted!"

The rapture of Ida was ſo great, that ſhe could no longer ſupport it. She turned round, and flew with open arms to Cunegunda, who at that moment entered. "He is ſaved!" cried ſhe; "he is ſaved!" and inſtantly fainted.

CHAPTER XVI.

DAYS and weeks paſſed away. Ida thought herſelf happy in knowing that her beloved chevalier was ſecure under the protection of duke Albert, and in ſeeing him paſs every day beneath her window. Yet ſhe could not help regretting that ſhe was not permitted to ſpeak to him. She ſaw him, but ſhe ſaw him only at a diſtance; all his endeavours to obtain acceſs to her being fruſtrated by the vigilance of Cunegunda. Sweet mixture of pleaſure and pain, which, connoiſſeurs tell us, enhances the enjoyments of love.

Meanwhile Ida continually hoped to ſee her lover ſtill nearer; and beyond this ſhe had ſcarcely a deſire. It was poſſible, ſhe thought, that, by ſome lucky chance, he might again deceive the Argus' eyes of the duenna; or that they might meet at church, or at ſome place of entertainment, which Ida now ſeemed extremely deſirous of fre-

quenting. But Cunegunda was inexorable. She could not conceive how ſo virtuous a princeſs ſhould imbibe, all at once, a taſte for balls and other amuſements, where young libertines of faſhion were ſure to aſſemble, or at leaſt ſhe pretended not to be able to conceive it; and conſoled her with the hope of the ſpeedy return of her father.

At length the count of Wirtemberg arrived. He had a long conference with the governante, of which his cold and reſerved behaviour to Ida was not the only conſequence; for whenever he returned from the aſſembly of the princes, whether they had met on buſineſs or on pleaſure, he appeared extremely out of humour, and frequently treated her with harſhneſs and aſperity.

One day Ida happened to be at the window with her father, when Herman and duke Albert paſſed by. As his miſtreſs was not alone, the knight kiſſed not his roſe-coloured ſleeve, but he made her a re-

ſpectful obeiſance. Ida bluſhed, and was ſilent. But preſently reflecting that her ſilence might appear like affectation, and that it would be more natural to make ſome remark on what was then the univerſal topic of converſation, ſhe ſaid, with ſome heſitation: "Sir Herman of Unna is . . . .
" is much to be pitied . . . . is deſerving
" of the higheſt commendation . . . . his
" ſituation was extremely perilous . . . . How
" happy . . . that . . . he is ſo warmly eſteem-
" ed by duke Albert . . . . and . . . . that his
" innocence has been acknowledged."

Count Everard pretended not to remark the confuſion of his daughter. He anſwered only, in a tone of peeviſhneſs, to the latter part of her ſpeech, that duke Albert was fond of every man that at all reſembled himſelf, and that, with reſpect to Herman's innocence, new charges were continually riſing up againſt him, which rendered it extremely dubious.—Ida requeſted an explanation, but the count left her without giving her an anſwer.

She now exerted herſelf for ſome days, ſo far to maſter her feelings, as to be able to ſpeak of Herman without emotion; an attempt in which ſhe at length ſucceeded.—This was a neceſſary ſtep, as ſhe had inquiries to make, which, without the practice of a little addreſs, ſhe could not have ſatisfied.

"Sir Herman, I find, is not ſo innocent "as he appeared to be," ſaid ſhe to Cunegunda one day, when, after their return from maſs, the chevalier had bowed to her as he paſſed.

"I told you ſo at firſt," replied the duenna.

"But what new proofs have they al-"ledged againſt him?"

"Oh, enough, princeſs, proofs enough! "Has not a ſabre, with his name engraved "on it, been found in the foreſt, a very "little way from the ſpot where the duke "of Brunſwic was aſſaſſinated. And did "not Kunzman of Hertingſhauſen, who "has ſince been apprehended, and who, a

"few days ago, received the reward of his "crime, declare, before he died, that Her- "man was his accomplice?"

Ida turned pale, fixed her eyes on the duenna, and was unable to ſpeak.

"Beſide, was not Herman in the ſer- "vice of king Sigiſmond, who, at the inſti- "gation of his wicked wife, hated, it ſeems, "duke Frederic, and ſought to take his "life."

The princeſs recollected that Herman had mentioned this circumſtance in the account he had given her of his hiſtory. She trembled; her paleneſs increaſed. She recollected alſo, that one of the motives which had induced her lover to repair to Nuremberg, was to acquaint duke Frederic with the conſpiracy forming againſt him.

"But what tends moſt to throw ſuſpi- "cion on him," continued Cunegunda, "is "the advantage he would have reaped "from the death of the duke, or rather "which he fooliſhly promiſed himſelf he "ſhould reap."

" Advantage ! What advantage ?" cried Ida with trepidation, ſeizing the hand of Cunegunda.

" Sweet ſimplicity !" ſaid the governante. " And you really cannot gueſs ? You do " not know that the duke of Brunſwic was " betrothed to the princeſs of Wirtemberg, " and that ſir Herman of Unna is her " lover ?"

Cunegunda, as ſhe uttered theſe words, which were accompanied with a malicious ſmile, withdrew, and left Ida in a ſtate difficult to deſcribe. It will not be ſuppoſed that the venom which fell from the lips of this fury, was capable of infecting the mind of the princeſs with doubts reſpecting the young knight's innocence; but this much is certain, that from the manner in which the accuſation had been ſtated to her, ſhe feared it might be made to aſſume a face very unfavourable to her lover, and that thus he would be plunged into freſh misfortunes.

What indeed could be more alarming ? Meanwhile there was one thing, and but one,

that tended to quiet her apprehenſions: ſhe had heard that a perſon once declared innocent, could not be tried again on the ſame charge. The calm produced by this reflection, was, however, of ſhort duration. A conſiderable intimacy took place between her father and John of Mentz. She trembled whenever ſhe ſaw this enemy of her lover enter the houſe. At length his viſits became ſo frequent, that ſuſpicion crept into her mind, and ſhe ſought to diſcover their motive.

The delicate Ida, while the daughter of a ſimple citizen, had never ſo far degraded herſelf, as to act the mean part of a liſtener. Whether ſhe had acquired this new talent from her acquaintance with courts, or whether love had endowed her with it, or whether it were the mere effects of chance, that ſhe had fallen aſleep behind the hangings in her father's cloſet, one day when the duke of Mentz had a private conference with him, we pretend not to decide: the reader may ſolve the enigma as he thinks

beſt. She overheard, however, a converſation, in which the name of Herman was frequently repeated; and from the following letter we may *gueſs* what was its nature, what ſhe thought of it, and how ſhe determined to act. We ſay gueſs, becauſe the myſtery having never been fully explained, we have ōnly our penetration to guide us.

LETTER FROM IDA OF WIRTEMBERG, TO HERMAN OF UNNA.

HERMAN, is it a dream? or is it a reality? I have learnt things that moſt nearly concern you. Conſider what I am going to tell you, at leaſt, as a truth. Obey my injunctions: it is your Ida who exacts obedience . . . . Fly, Herman, fly! Vengeance purſues thee! . . . . Thy prince, exalted as is his goodneſs, great as is his power, will not dare be thy protector. The INVISIBLES are thine enemies!

This ſingle ſentence, I firſt thought would be ſufficient to induce you to depart, the

only ſtep that now remains for you, and I had intended to cloſe with it my letter. I am obliged to ſteal from ſleep the moments I devote to you, and, in my preſent ſituation, I am unable to write much. But my fears whiſper that you may refuſe to obey me, that you may regard my dream as one of thoſe ordinary reveries to which no faith is to be given. I will therefore tell you all, that you may judge for yourſelf of the dangers that threaten you.

I heard two men talking of you. One of them appeared to be my father. But no, it could not be he! for can the father of Ida be the enemy of innocence? Could he be influenced by the perfidious inſinuations of a villain, who wiſhes perhaps to eſcape the puniſhment of his own crime by charging it on you? .... I liſtened, ſecretly liſtened .... in a dream, as it ſeems to me, for your Ida is not accuſtomed to ſuch practices when awake ... and I heard theſe men ſay to one another, that you were the murderer of duke Frederic. Your ſabre

found near the place where he had fallen, the depoſition of Kunzman at the ſcaffold, and the ſecret enmity you were ſuppoſed to bear to the betrothed ſpouſe of Ida of Wirtemberg, were the arguments employed to prove your guilt: it was added, that the princes having acquitted you would be of no avail; your crime was of a nature to come within the cognizance of another tribunal . . . . Oh, Herman! that infernal tribunal, which your Ida but too well knows.

My dream is not yet finiſhed. You know there are dreams which have the ſame duration, and the ſame conſiſtency as the events of our lives, which paſs when we are awake . . . . I heard, I thought, the converſation I have related, word for word; and I immediately began to reflect on the means of ſaving you. Some days elapſed. I ſaw a number of ſtrangers in my father's houſe, among whom I once obſerved Walter, the man with one hand. I remember him well. A journey was talked of, which my father was about to

undertake. I gueſſed what was its object. I bribed one of the ſervants appointed to attend him, and with difficulty prevailed on him to let me take his place. I diſguiſed myſelf in the black dreſs which he brought me, and repaired to my poſt.— We ſet off. The count of Wirtemberg was attended only by me and another domeſtic.

Our way was not long. Strange as it may ſeem, we entered, I thought, that ruinous building, which perhaps you have obſerved, at a little diſtance north of the city . . . . But for Heaven's ſake, Herman, be diſcreet; occaſion not our ruin! You are not ignorant how important it is to keep ſilence on this ſubject. Beſide, is it not all a dream?

The count and his principal domeſtic entered without any queſtion being aſked. My figure probably appearing new to the three perſons who guarded the gate, they examined me by ſome very extraordinary queſtions. They aſked me the four ways

to hell, and I anſwered in the words I had been taught the ſame evening by the ſervant who yielded me his place. They farther aſked me, how many ſteps led to the judgment ſeat on which ſat the Eternal to adminiſter juſtice. I anſwered thirty; for I recollected that to be the number I counted, you knew upon what occaſion, and which I had been obliged to aſcend with ſuch feelings of horror. They ſhook their heads, blindfolded me, and let me paſs. The number thirty ſaved my life. I wandered in the dark: I had neither ſupporter nor guide. I counted the ſteps, and having aſcended thirty, the way became level. My eyes were then uncovered.

I found myſelf in a place ſimilar to what you have perhaps ſeen. The ſignal was given, and the ſeſſion commenced. Accuſations were read, and ſome witneſſes depoſed againſt a prince, whom they charged with being the murderer of duke Frederic. Immediately one of the judges roſe, and ſwore that he was innocent. An oath of

this nature, you know, once ſaved the life of an innocent perſon! Why might it not be equally capable of ſaving that of a guilty one?

To theſe accuſations, to theſe witneſſes, others ſucceeded. Your name, Herman, your name was pronounced! But no one would ſwear for you. I was going to advance, when the man with one hand, whom I then firſt obſerved by my ſide, held me back, threatening me with his finger. In ſhort, you were accuſed and condemned. "Let vengeance, ſecret as the night, purſue his ſteps! Let puniſhment inviſibly "await him!" cried a voice from the throne. "When awake, deceive him by falſe pretences, and draw him into ſome ſnare "that may facilitate the execution of his "ſentence. Let the poignard watch the "moment of his ſleep. Let him be put to "death wherever he be found alone. Let "his boſom-friend become his executioner; "let him entice him into ſome ſolitary "place, and maſſacre him in open day, in

"the face of that heaven which he has "offended by the ſight of innocent blood. "Frederic loſt his life in ſecret, and with-"out any warning: ſo periſh, with all his "ſins upon his head, Herman of Unna!"

As the laſt words were uttered, I ſhould certainly have ſcreamed with terror, had not my protector ſtopped my mouth. It was he alſo, I believe, who conveyed me, more dead than alive, out of this aſſembly of demons. He had diſcovered me, notwithſtanding my diſguiſe. He loaded me with reproaches on my imprudence; and left me at the gate of my father's houſe, after having exacted a promiſe of ſilence, which I have kept as faithfully as was poſſible.

What was I now to do? Eſcape and fly to you; or wait the return of my father, and abide his wrath? Already, by the light of the moon, I ſaw him at a diſtance, accompanied by his domeſtic. I adopted the moſt ready expedient: I knocked at the door; it was opened; and I ruſhed to my

apartment. Conegunda was aſtoniſhed at my having ſo completely deceived her vigilance, and that while ſhe believed me aſleep . . . . But what am I doing ? . . . . . Is it not, however, a dream ? . . . . Yet again I charge you to fly. Fly, Herman, fly ! The ſecret avengers purſue you : they thirſt for your blood ! . . . . I ought not to warn you of this ; but ſurely I may relate a dream.

CHAPTER XVII.

HERMAN, as we have obſerved, was ſufficiently happy to have found, in his maſter, a friend. No ſooner had he recovered himſelf from the perturbation in which he was thrown by the preceding letter, brought to him by a ſtranger, than he haſtened to duke Albert, and preſented him the fatal ſcroll. They conſulted together, and duke Albert was finally of opinion, that Herman had no other means of ſaving himſelf from his purſuers than by flight; and that even this would be futile, unleſs he could keep himſelf concealed, or obtain the protection of ſome ſuperior power.— "We muſt part, Herman," ſaid he; "we "muſt part. Ida is in the right. Thy "prince is too weak to defend thee againſt "the arms of theſe inviſible avengers."

"What, leave you," replied Herman, "on account of a dream!"

"And can you ſerioully, my friend, be-
"lieve it to be a dream? No, no: obey
"the princeſs then, and be gone."

"But. . . . whither can I go?"

"To king Sigiſmond."

"I, become the ſlave of the vileſt of
"women!" replied Herman, forgetting that Albert was ſoon to be related to the royal houſe, by marrying Elizabeth, daughter of Sigiſmond and Mary.

Albert ſmiled, and thus continued:—
"Go then to the duke of Saxony, the chief
"of all the ſecret tribunals. He is beſt
"able to protect you, if you can prove to
"him, ſatisfactorily, your innocence."

"But Rodolph, being the friend and
"relation of the unfortunate duke of
"Brunſwic, is perhaps already too much
"prejudiced againſt me, to liſten to the
"language of truth."

"What think you of your relation,
"the old count of Unna? He is one of the
"chiefs of the ſecret tribunals of Weſtpha-

" lia, and will ſurely not refuſe you pro-
" tection."

" What! the avowed enemy of our fa-
" mily! . . . . I dare not truſt him."

" Have you ever ſeen him? Do you at
" all know how he is diſpoſed towards
" you?"

" No."

" Herman, I know him. The count
" of Unna is a man of frankneſs, ſin-
" cerity, and truth. You have never, I
" think, offended him? Go to him then:
" you may rely on his protection."

" His enmity againſt the houſe of Unna,
" was occaſioned by the contention of the
" knights of St. Martin with count Wir-
" temberg. I was then but eight years
" old."

" Take my advice, Herman, throw
" thyſelf into his arms; he will defend thee,
" and render thy innocence triumphant."

Herman obeyed, and the next night ſet off for Weſtphalia, without having been able, notwithſtanding the many efforts he

made, to thank the princeſs of Wirtemberg, either perſonally or by letter. Meanwhile Ida paſſed her days in ſorrow, in the houſe of her father. Cunegunda watched her more narrowly than ever, and the count of Wirtemberg manifeſted in his behaviour to her the utmoſt diſtruſt. The flight of Herman, which was ſoon known, operated to render her ſituation ſtill worſe. Inceſſantly tormented with captious queſtions and oblique reproaches, ſhe lamented her rank, and regretted that ſhe was not ſtill, what ſhe had ſo long been ſuppoſed to be, the daughter of a virtuous citizen. O Munſter, how many ſighs were drawn from her, by the remembrance of thy peaceful habitation at Prague! How many tears atteſted her ardent deſire to ſee thee, to aſk thy counſel, and to obtain thy aſſiſtance, in circumſtances ſo difficult! "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, "he promiſed Herman never to forſake me, "and yet years are paſſed away! . . . ."

Ida had forgotten, that, to ſave her life, Munſter had entered into that ſecret ſociety,

which despotically ruled its members, and could, with absolute authority, determine the place where they should reside, and the employments they should undertake. Munster had before obeyed no laws but those of virtue and his own heart. But since his taking this rash step, of entering into a society of the nature of which he was ignorant, the count of Wirtemberg had been his master; and we have had more proofs than one, that the count had much rather he should be at Prague, than near his daughter.

The heart of count Everard, since the occurrence of a late event, of which he, as well as Ida, avoided any mention, seemed alienated from his daughter. His conduct displayed something more than indifference, it appeared to border on hatred. His mind was in a constant state of disquietude, and every instant he was changing his designs. At length he one day declared, all of a sudden, that he was under the necessity of

quitting Germany, to seek his safety in some foreign land.

"Your safety!" replied Ida, with astonishment and trembling.

"Yes, traitress! And it is you, or at "least your imprudence, that drives me "hence. The crimes of children are im- "puted to their parents."

"Is it possible," cried Ida, clasping her hands and weeping: "Is it possible, I can "have such a fault to reproach myself "with!"

"You have sacrificed your father, to "save your unworthy lover."

"Alas! I knew not the consequences of "what I did, and .... Herman was in- "nocent!"

"I thought otherwise. His crime was "represented to me so clearly, that I could "not doubt. But I can now almost be- "lieve him innocent, since I am myself "likely to become the victim of appear- "ances."

" What are thoſe appearances, then? " Oh, tell me !" exclaimed Ida, falling at his feet.

" Of having taken you to a place, where " you had no right to appear ; of having " acquainted Herman with the ſentence " that was paſſed upon him, and aſſiſted " his eſcape."

" It is I, it is I alone who am guilty ! " and to ſave you, I will declare it before " the whole world."

" It is too late ! It is too late !" replied count Everard, puſhing her from him.— " Farewell ! Be happy if thou canſt ! I muſt " leave thee to thy fate."

The count departed, leaving his daughter in the utmoſt anguiſh. Grief for the ſituation of her lover, and her father, and the ſevere reproaches ſhe made herſelf, were almoſt too much for the human frame to ſupport, and in a few days reduced her to the brink of the grave. We may doubt whether the danger to which ſhe was perſonally expoſed, was conſidered by her as

any augmentation of her ſufferings. Self ſeemed out of the queſtion, ſeemed to be a thing to which ſhe was totally indifferent, and ſome ſtrong external impulſe was neceſſary to excite her to think of her ſecurity.

One night, when it was late, Cunegunda, the moſt obliging of creatures, now that Ida was her own miſtreſs, entered, and announced a ſtranger. The ſtranger ſtood at the door, and aſked to ſpeak with the princeſs in private.

"Do you know me?" ſaid he, after looking at her for ſome time.

She heſitated.

"Do you recollect this arm?" added he, throwing back his cloak.

Ida obſerved the deficiency of the hand, and recognized Walter.

"Can you not gueſs what brings me "hither? . . . . Your ſafety . . . . I "come to warn you . . . . Since the de"parture of your father, you are yourſelf "in the greateſt danger. If you perſiſt in

" remaining here, the paſt, as well as the
" preſent, will be examined anew. It is
" abſolutely neceſſary that you ſhould fly
" . . . . O princeſs! what unhappi-
" neſs has your imprudence been the oc-
" caſion of! . . . . Where is the pre-
" ſumptuous man that dared lend you his
" dreſs for this adventure? Where is your
" father, who is ſuſpected of having been
" privy to it? And what is to become of
" me, who was totally ignorant of the affair,
" but am now involved in it by my com-
" paſſion? . . . . You know, that I did
" not diſcover you, till it was too late, till
" you had actually ſeen what no profane
" eye ought to behold."

" You too involved?" cried Ida, raiſing her hands to heaven.

" Yes, I too. I am ſuſpected of hav-
" ing procured your admittance. There
" are yet no proofs againſt me, but, as
" they wiſh to get rid of a perſon, already
" blackened by ſuſpicion, they are buſily
" inquiring into things, which . . . ." I can-

not wholly deny, Walter would have ſaid, but a ſorrowful ſhrug of the ſhoulders ſupplied the deficiency of the ſentence.

The reader may perhaps have obſerved, that Walter had not always the art of framing his anſwers ſuitable to the inviolable reſerve of a free judge. He had more than once infringed on the duty impoſed on him by the title, in favour of Munſter, of Ida, and perhaps even of Herman. It could be proved too, that he was the ſteward of Conrad of Langen, condemned by the ſecret tribunal, and there were ſtrong preſumptions, that his oblique hints had furniſhed Conrad with the means of ſo frequently eſcaping its vengeance. This indeed, was his true crime; the adventure of Ida being only a pretext employed in order to lead to its diſcovery. But the princeſs, as if ſhe had not ſorrow enough of her own, underſtood what he had ſaid in its literal ſenſe, and conſidering herſelf as the ſole cauſe of the misfortune that threatened him,

ſhe became thereby plunged ſtill deeper in the abyſs of miſery. She forgot the motive of Walter's viſit; ſhe forgot to aſk what means ſhe was to take for her ſafety; and remained in a ſtate of abſolute inſenſibility till the next day, when a viſit from duke Albert reſtored to her her feelings.

The noble duke of Auſtria had frequently viſited the princeſs ſince the abſence of count Everard. He had always eſteemed her; and Herman might have ſaved himſelf the trouble of requeſting the duke to watch over her and not leave her to her fate, as he felt himſelf voluntarily diſpoſed to it.

Ida had already beſtowed her confidence on the friend of her lover. To diſcover the cauſe of her new unhappineſs, he had only to aſk the queſtion, which he did, and was immediately informed of what had paſſed the preceding night.

Though duke Albert was not affiliated to the ſecret tribunal, he knew enough on the ſubject to conſole her. He had before

calmed, in a manner, her apprehenſions reſpecting her father's fate, and he now attempted the ſame reſpecting that of honeſt Walter, to whom ſhe owed too many obligations not to be intereſted in it.

"As to the count of Wirtemberg, I "have already obſerved," ſaid he, "that "the place he holds in the ſociety of the "inviſibles, is probably too elevated for "him to have any thing to fear from his "brethren, on a ſimple ſuſpicion, farther "than a temporary depoſition from his dig-"nities, and orders to retire to ſome place "of ſecrecy, as well from regard to appear-"ances, as to inſpire the inferior mem-"bers of the tribunal with wholeſome fear, "and induce them to diſcharge with punc-"tuality the duties of their oath. This in-"deed, at the preſent moment, cannot "but be extremely diſagreeable to your "father, as it obliges him to quit the aſſem-"bly of competitors for the imperial crown "before the accompliſhment of his grand "deſign: but there is no reaſon to enter-

"tain any apprehenſions for his life.—
"And as to Walter, it is much eaſier for a
"ſubaltern to eſcape, than a judge of
"diſtinction; and his only puniſhment
"will probably conſiſt in being deprived
"of his office, a deprivation that I can
"eaſily repair by my protection and
"bounty."

It was abſolutely neceſſary that Albert ſhould begin with removing the fears of the princeſs reſpecting thoſe whom ſhe had reduced to difficulties and dangers, if he would rouſe her attention, and point it to herſelf. For how could he ever have prevailed on her to ſeek her own ſafety, while ſo ſtrongly alarmed for that of others?

Having thus paved the way, he entered on what he conceived to be the moſt important ſubject. He pointed out to the princeſs the peril to which ſhe was expoſed, and endeavoured to convince her that it was not ſo ſlight as ſhe imagined. "Reflect," ſaid he, "reflect once more on the words of "Walter: '*Both the preſent and the paſt will be*

" *examined anew*.' Probably you will not be " brought to account ſolely for . . . . what " ſhall I call it? . . . . your imprudent " dream. Your innocence on a former oc- " caſion was acknowledged only in conſe- " quence of the oath of the count of Wir- " temberg, and as he is diveſted of his dig- " nities, the oath is now perhaps annulled, " ſo that you may be expoſed afreſh to the " malice of your enemies. How many " things may happen before your father is " in a ſituation to come to your ſuccour! " Who knows whether ſecret plans be not " already formed to entrap you? Who " knows whether, like Herman, you are " not condemned to be put to death ſecret- " ly and without warning?"

In this manner did the good Albert continue to talk to the young princeſs till he ſucceeded in convincing her of the neceſſity of flight. She even reſolved not to defer it for a day, and to chuſe for her retreat whatever place he ſhould recommend; giving him however to underſtand, that, as

to the latter point, ſhe believed ſhe had a plan better than any thing he could propoſe.

Albert ſmiled, and aſked where ſhe wiſhed to direct her ſteps?

"Is it not a duty incumbent on me," ſaid ſhe, "to repair, in her preſent misfor-"tune, to my friend Sophia, and prove to "her that, formerly, when ſurrounded with "all the ſplendor of a throne, ſhe did not "beſtow her favour on one capable of in-"gratitude?"

"The ſentiment," replied the duke, "does honour to your heart: but conſider, "princeſs, that your object is to remain "concealed, and that this is impoſſible in "a place in which the depraved Winceſ-"laus reſides."

"Well then," ſaid Ida, "I have a ſe-"cond plan that is not liable to this objec-"tion. The peaceful habitation in which "I was educated at Prague will be an "aſylum perfectly ſecure. I will viſit him "whom I once called my father, her who

"acted to me as a mother; I will again "become the humble Ida Munſter, and I "ſhall then once more be happy."

"And will it not be there that your "purſuers will firſt direct their ſearch after "you? The idea of retiring to a place "where you ſpent the happieſt days of "your life, is ſo natural, that, believe me, "princeſs, it will occur to them as well as "to you."

"Alas! where then am I to go; Whi-"ther, whither am I to wander? Is there "on earth no ſafety for perſecuted inno-"cence?"

"Yes, I will tell you where you may "be ſafe. There is a young lady, a wor-"thy and amiable creature to whom I "have been betrothed from my infancy. "My love for her could alone enable me "to converſe with the charming princeſs of "Wirtemberg in the unimpaſſioned lan-"guage of friendſhip. It is the daughter "of Sigiſmond by his former queen Mary. "She lives in Hungary, in the retirement

"of a convent, ſituated in the depth of a "foreſt amidſt the Carpathian mountains. "Thither I wiſh you to be conducted. She "will love you as a ſiſter; no one will "ſuſpect your retreat; and if by chance it "ſhould be diſcovered, the ſanctity of the "place, and the reſpect due to her whoſe "friend you will become, will be your pro-"tection. O Ida, if you knew my Eliza-"beth, you would think her worthy of your "confidence. She is yet young, but early "misfortune has rendered her wiſe. She "poſſeſſes not perhaps all the perſonal "beauty of the princeſs of Wirtemberg; "but her mind! her angelic mind! .... "is the counterpart of your own!"

The emotion of duke Albert, as he pronounced theſe words, was viſible. He roſe haſtily, preſſed the hand of Ida, and quitted the apartment.

The heart of our heroine was not leſs moved. She was penetrated with the livelieſt gratitude towards her friend, though there was ſomething in his manner which

made her not ſorry for his departure.— Meanwhile ſhe thought too modeſtly of her own charms, ſhe had too good an opinion of the conſtancy of a knight like Albert, to fear his failing, on her account, in his fidelity to Elizabeth. No; that appeared to her as impoſſible as for herſelf to forget her beloved Herman.

The good genius however, which ever accompanies innocence, whiſpered, notwithſtanding, frequently in her ear, and particularly on this occaſion, that Albert's attentions to her were too lively, too tender, and . . . . that flight was the beſt meaſure ſhe could take.

In the afternoon he returned. "Prin-
"ceſs," ſaid he, "I interpreted your ſi-
"lence this morning into conſent. Ac-
"cordingly every thing is ready for your
"journey; you may depart this very night.
"In the mean time, permit me, till the
"hour arrives, to bear you company. It
"would be painful to me to leave you; and
"I have beſides things of importance to

“ communicate, which I could wiſh my
“ Elizabeth to learn from your mouth.—
“ You will perhaps be the means of ren-
“ dering us happier than we had hopes of
“ being, and of our finding a mother
“ whom, alas! we have long ſuppoſed
“ dead; but who, I have lately been given
“ to underſtand by Herman, is ſtill alive.”

The confidence which duke Albert repoſed in the princeſs of Wirtemberg claimed of itſelf ſome attention, and the manner in which he expreſſed himſelf intereſted her ſtill more. She loſt therefore not a ſyllable of the project which during the few hours they ſpent together, he imparted to her. She already knew from Herman that the counteſs of Cyly had declared queen Mary to be living; but ſhe now firſt heard where this unfortunate queen reſided, and by what means it was intended to draw her from her obſcurity, and reſtore her to the place which belonged to her, now occupied by the worthleſs Barbe.

The project of Albert appeared vaſt and difficult of accompliſhment to the princeſs of Wirtemberg; but ſhe promiſed punctually to obſerve the directions he gave her; and, having taken leave of him, ſhe at length ſet off on her journey, which was prolonged more than half by the precautions ſhe thought herſelf obliged to take to prevent being ſurpriſed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HERMAN's journey was ſhorter and leſs hazardous. To avoid the ſnares that might be laid for him, he generally travelled by night, and had diſguiſed himſelf ſo as not to be known. Thus he arrived without the ſmalleſt accident in the territories of the old count of Unna. Eager to recover the impreſcriptible rights of man, namely, ſecurity and the liberty of appearing with undiſguiſed and open countenance among his brethren of mankind, he delayed not a moment the viſit he purpoſed to make to a perſon, who, according to duke Albert, was able to reſtore him to the enjoyment of theſe bleſſings.—Diveſting himſelf therefore of every unfavourable prejudice towards his relation, that had been inſtilled into his infant mind, and endeavouring to recollect all that would awaken confidence, he no ſooner arrived than he demanded audience of the

old count for a ſtranger, commiſſioned by duke Albert of Auſtria to impart to him an affair of the greateſt importance.

The count of Unna was abſent. Some new diſputes that had ariſen between the count of Tecklenburg and the biſhop of Munſter, in which he was choſen arbiter, had called him ſome weeks from home, and Herman was obliged to wait with patience his return. Accordingly he had ſufficient leiſure to reflect on the ſingularity of his ſituation. He found himſelf in his native country; he ſaw around him a hundred places he had known when a child. Mixed ideas, pleaſing and unpleaſing, were recalled to his mind. The ſole motive of his viſit to this diſtrict was to aſk ſuccour of a man againſt whom he had imbibed prejudices that he could not yet entirely ſurmount. In the neighbourhood lived his brothers and ſiſters with whom his infancy had been ſpent, but on whom, in his preſent difficulty, he dared not confide.

The reader will recollect, that, at the age of twelve or thirteen years, Herman had fled from the terrors of a convent, in which he was on the point of being immured, to become one of the pages of the emperor Winceſlaus. So libertine a ſtep could not fail to diſpleaſe his relations, moſt of whom, male as well as female, had embraced a monaſtic life; accordingly they had ſince held little correſpondence with the graceleſs fugitive.

Herman had been at firſt too happy, and afterwards too much occupied by his various adventures to concern himſelf much about his family. He had had little communication with any of them, except his ſiſters, Agnes and Petronilla, once the loved companions of his tender years, but who ſince, ſacrificed to the intereſt of their elder brother, had taken the veil in the convent of Uberwaſſer.

The art of letter-writing was then not much in uſe, and few attended to it ſo little as thoſe decorated with the order of

knighthood. We may preſume, therefore, that Herman was no very punctual correſpondent. Yet our manuſcript informs us, that no important event happened to him, with which he did not acquaint the nuns of Uberwaſſer; and that he received no preſent, however ſmall, in which Agnes and Petronilla did not ſhare.

I will not enquire, whether theſe nuns were always ſo prudent as not to betray the confidence he placed in them: but certain it is, that his elder brothers and ſiſters were acquainted with all the leading occurrences of his life. From theſe Herman received, on different occaſions, ſome very extraordinary letters. At one time his brother, the canon of Munſter, at another his ſiſter, the abbeſs of Marienhagen, wrote to tell him their ſentiments, at ſuch a diſtance, of things that paſſed in a world with which they were totally unacquainted.

The remonſtrances with which theſe letters were filled, had never been well re-

ceived by our mettlesome youth; and he had uniformly been so unpolite as to leave them unanswered; a circumstance from which he had reason to presume that the regard these personages of his family formerly entertained for him must be totally extinguished, and their displeasure, on account of his escape to the court of Wenceslaus, considerably augmented.

These therefore were not the relations, that, on his arrival in his native soil, he was desirous of seeing. But he felt differently respecting another brother, destined, like himself, for a cloister, and his sisters Agnes and Petronilla, with whom he frequently wished to beguile the hours, while he solitarily waited the return of the old count of Unna. At length he ventured to enquire after them, and was informed that his brother John had quitted the convent to enter into the teutonic order of knights, but that the nuns of Uberwasser were still in their monastery.

The count's ſtay being protracted, and Herman finding himſelf perfectly in the midſt of ſtrangers, he reſolved to viſit the monaſtery. He wanted ſome friendly boſom into which he might pour the overflowings of his heart.

He preſented himſelf and was admitted to the grate of the parlour. Agnes and Petronilla were there, but they were not alone. His heart was on the wing to meet them; but the preſence of a third perſon was a reſtraint on him, and induced him to with-hold the effuſions of brotherly affection till ſhe ſhould withdraw.

The ſtranger, whoſe countenance could boaſt no great expreſſion, kept her eyes intently fixed on him, and ſeemed ſo anxious to diſcover his name, by endeavouring to recollect his features, that, for a while, ſhe addreſſed not a word to the nuns, whom ſhe was juſt come to ſee.

Herman, extremely agitated, was equally ſilent.

"I perceive you can difpenfe with my "prefence," faid the lady at laft to the nuns, at the fame time rifing from her chair. "The knight, I prefume, is not "come merely to look at you: or are you "fuch adepts in the language of the eyes, "that you can underftand what he would "fay, without its being neceffary for him "to open his mouth?"

"We have not the honour of know-"ing the gentleman," anfwered Agnes, "though there is certainly fomething in "his features . . . ."

"That very much pleafes you:" added the lady with a fneer. "A pretty frank "confeffion for a couple of nuns, I muft "own."

"I appeal to yourfelf, fir knight," faid Agnes in a tone of fome difpleafure, "Say, "are you at all known to us?"

"Agnes and Petronilla then do not "know me? And have they no prefenti-"ment?" replied Herman, with a fmile of tendernefs.

"Come, explain yourſelves, young la-"dies," ſaid the viſitor, who, by degrees, as ſhe fancied ſhe recollected Herman, viewed him with eyes ſtill more unfavourable: "you ought to have ſome preſenti-"ment; the knight himſelf acknowledges "it."

"Ah! if ſuſpicions, if preſentiments "were to determine," anſwered Petronilla, "it is ſo long ſince I heard from my bro-"ther Herman, I ſhould ſay you came "from him."

"*My* brother, indeed!" cried the lady with petulance. "Are you then the only "ſiſter of the little urchin? But your "brothers and ſiſters will have no great "objection to relinquiſh to you the ho-"nour."

"And who is this little urchin of whom "you ſpeak?" aſked the knight, giving her a look of contempt.

"Pray, ſir, pardon her," ſaid the gentle Agnes. "We frequently give this appel-"lation to thoſe whom we have ſeen

"when children. I ſuſpect that you are "the friend of our Herman; and I truſt "you will not be offended at what has been "ſaid. The lady is . . . ."

"None of your excuſes, miſs," ſaid the lady, interrupting her: "none of your "excuſes for me. I ſhall not ſo far de-"grade myſelf as to make any either to "Herman, or any of his friends. And as "to pardon, it is he, I think, who ſtands "moſt in need of that. His ſcandalous "return to the world, and the total forget-"fulneſs of his relations and benefactors, "are not yet effaced from our memory: "nor is the life he has ſince led at all cal-"culated to remove theſe unfavourable im-"preſſions."

"Fie, Catherine!" ſaid Petronilla, in a ſuppliant, rather than a reproving tone. "What harm has Herman done you, that "you ſhould thus ſpeak ill of him before "a ſtranger?"

"Before a ſtranger! Did you not ſay, "that you ſuppoſed him to be the friend

"and envoy of your brother? Be this, however, as it may, every body knows his shameful adventures with the paltry little Munster, who, God knows how, is on a sudden become a princess; the share he had in the murder of the duke of Brunswic; and a variety of other crimes, that have occasioned him to be condemned by the secret tribunal; and that ought for ever to alienate the hearts of his relations." Saying this, she rose, and flounced out of the parlour, while Herman, with arms folded, looked at her with horror.

"May I ask," said Herman, when she was gone, "who this fury is?"

"Our sister, Catherine of Senden," replied Petronilla with a sigh.

"Your sister! your sister! Good Heavens, can it be! And if yours, consequently mine! Alas, alas!"

"Who then are you?" cried Agnes, advancing nearer the grate, in order to observe him more distinctly.

"O Herman, Herman!" exclaimed Petronilla, clafping her hands. "Yes, it is "indeed our Herman! My heart did not "deceive me."

"My brother! my good angel! our "only comfort under all our afflictions!" faid Agnes weeping. "Ah, why cannot I "fold thee in my arms!"

The rapture of thefe kind and virtuous fouls, at fight of a brother whom they fondly loved, and from whom they had fo long been feparated, is not to be defcribed, and for a while it bereft Herman of the power of fpeech .... At length their joy becoming more calm, he again fpoke of her who had made on him fo unfavourable an impreffion, who had fo furioufly reviled, and ftrove with fo much malice to difhonour him. He was aftonifhed that fuch a woman could be his fifter, and the nuns were obliged to give him a thoufand different proofs before they could convince him.

"Good God!" cried he, "and are the "reſt of the family like her? If ſo, I will "never make myſelf known to any but "yourſelves."

"Judge not ſo haſtily," ſaid the good Agnes. "Catherine is unhappy. Misfor- "tune frequently renders us unjuſt, and "we ought to make allowance for thoſe "who are the butt of its ſhafts, whatever "reaſon we may have to complain of "them."

This reflection ſoftened Herman. He aſked farther queſtions. "You know," ſaid Petronilla, "that ſhe was preparing "for a religious life when we took the "veil; but ſhe preferred an indifferent "match, and now ſuffers from the poverty "and neglect of her huſband, and the re- "proaches of her elder brothers and ſiſ- "ters, particularly the abbeſs of Marien- "hagen. Ill treated, as ſhe conceives, "by them, ſhe is diſpoſed to take her "revenge on others: but ſhe would pro- "bably not have diſplayed her ill-humour

" in the manner ſhe has juſt done, had not
" her diſſatisfaction been excited the mo-
" ment before you came in by a converſa-
" tion reſpecting you."

" Reſpecting me!"

" Yes, reſpecting you, my dear bro-
" ther. But, Heavens! can it be true?
" Is it poſſible that you are purſued by the
" ſecret tribunal?"

" Be not uneaſy, my dear ſiſter, on that
" account. Suppoſing it true, God is the
" ſafeguard and protector of innocence."

The nuns began to weep, and it was difficult for Herman ſo far to tranquillize their feelings, as to obtain from them the information he wanted.

" Picture to yourſelf our deſpair, when
" we heard the dreadful intelligence. Ag-
" nes expreſſed a wiſh, that you might take
" refuge in your own country; a wiſh in
" which I ſincerely joined, hoping that you
" would find an aſylum with our brother
" Bernard, or, at leaſt, aſſiſtance to enable
" you to ſeek your ſafety elſewhere, for we

"had no doubt of your poverty. And "where," added I, "can he apply with "greater confidence than to the head of "his family, his own brother, who ought "to act the part of a father to him? Ca-"therine at this became enraged. She "has a numerous family, and ſhe con-"ceived that whatever Bernard might give "you would be taken from her children, "who, ſhe hopes, will one day inherit the "whole of his fortune."

Herman directed towards his ſiſters a look, that expreſſed his gratitude, and the regret he felt at not being able to teſtify it as he could wiſh. The ſorrow he diſplayed in his countenance was miſinterpreted.—"Do not afflict yourſelf, my dear brother," ſaid Agnes with emotion, holding out to him her hand. "If Bernard refuſes, we "will aſſiſt you ourſelves; we are not ſo "poor as you may imagine; all the pre-"ſents we have received from you are ſtill "in our poſſeſſion, and will perhaps prove "ſufficient. But ah! whither will you go?

"Where can you be ſafe from your "avengers? Petronilla, do you adviſe him; "you are generally fertile in expedients: "but be quick; a moment's delay may be "ruinous."

Herman had no means of quieting the apprehenſions of his ſiſters, but by a relation of his adventures, from which they ſaw that the danger, at leaſt as he flattered himſelf, was not ſo imminent as they had been told, that he had wherewith to provide for his ſupport, and that diſcretion was all that was neceſſary to his ſafety.

Our party was in no haſte to ſeparate. The rules of the convent were not very rigid, and our nuns, beſides, were ſo extremely beloved, that they might remain in the parlour as long as they pleaſed. The converſation, however, which had laſted ſome hours, was at length interrupted by the arrival of the abbeſs of Marienhagen, who came to viſit her ſiſters, and acquaint them with the reports that were ſpread concerning Herman.

She recollected him the moment ſhe entered, and was as readily recollected by him. Nuns, they ſay, have a quicker ſight and ſtronger memory than your profane worldlings. It was impoſſible for our knight to conceal himſelf from the abbeſs: nor did it become him, he thought, to ſhow diſtruſt of a ſiſter whom, in his infancy, he had been taught to revere as a mother.

Urſula embraced him. Her kiſs was cold, yet was it preferable to the conduct of madam Senden. She preſently related, in pious and meaſured phraſes, nearly the ſame things which Catherine had mentioned with acrimony and paſſion. He perceived that at bottom neither of them loved him: but while the rage of madam Senden excited his indignation, the behaviour of the abbeſs was entitled to ſome reſpect, and he reſolved to relate to her his adventures, in order to diſprove the injurious reports propagated concerning him.

Urſula, having heard his ſtory, ſhrugged up her ſhoulders, and expreſſed a hope

that it might be true: but he had better, ſhe ſaid, have ſought his ſafety in ſome other country, as it was impoſſible to find an aſylum among his relations; and that the utmoſt they could do for him, was to favour his flight.

Sentiments ſo unnatural revolted the mind of Herman. He was ſilent, and fell into a profound reverie. Meanwhile Petronilla related to the abbeſs the diſcourſe of Catherine, which kindled the holy matron into a flame.

"I penetrate her deſigns," cried Urſula. "The moment ſhe is ſure of the arrival of "Herman, ſhe will exert herſelf to pre-"vent the lord of Unna," [ſuch was the reſpectful title under which Bernard was always ſpoken of by his ſiſters;] "from "having an interview with him, leſt he "ſhould be induced to do ſomething for "his diſtreſſed brother. But ſhe ſhall not "ſucceed in her plan: and though flight "is certainly the moſt adviſable ſtep for "Herman, yet I ſee no reaſon why he

" may not ſtay a few days, and be intro-
" duced to his relations, as he has certainly
" as much right to the aſſiſtance of his bro-
" ther as the ſelfiſh Catherine."

Herman trembled at the enmity Urſula diſplayed for her ſiſter, though at the ſame time ſhe was teſtifying her goodneſs towards him. He aſſured her that he was not come to aſk aſſiſtance, or to remain many days, loſing the time which was of importance to his flight; that he wiſhed not to give umbrage to any one by his preſence; and that he had undertaken this journey by the advice of the duke of Auſtria, who had led him to hope, that the old count of Unna, chief of the ſecret tribunal in thoſe parts, could effect a farther inveſtigation of his unhappy affair, and procure him an opportunity of proving his innocence.

The name of the count of Unna was to the abbeſs of Marienhagen as an electrical ſhock. She vowed that ſhe would never ſuffer a brother whom ſhe had brought up and always loved as her own child, to claim

the protection of the declared enemy of her family. All their ancient feuds, which Herman had been obliged ſo often to hear repeated, as to be ſick with diſguſt, were now recited anew. She told him how the old count of Unna had, both publicly and privately, perſecuted the lords of Unna on account of the affair of Wirtemberg; how he had ſeized their property, and obliged the greater part of them, herſelf among the reſt, to embrace a religious life from want of means to ſupport, with proper dignity, the rank to which they were born; how he continued ſtill to hate and deſpiſe them to ſuch a degree, that he was reſolved, as he had no children, rather than leave to them his earldom of Unna, with its domains, to bequeath them to ſome foreign houſe, or ſuffer them to devolve on the emperor.

Herman was ſatiated with the verboſe prolixity of this narration. He attempted to reply, but the abbeſs would not liſten to him, and made him conſent to be intro-

duced the next day to his elder brother, who refided at Plettenburg.

It grew late, and Herman was obliged to quit the fifters he loved, together with her towards whom he felt no partiality. At his departure, Urfula embraced him more tenderly than at firft, and fhe obtained permiffion for the door of the parlour to be opened, that Agnes and Petronilla might have the fame pleafure: marks of benevolence that would have touched the fufceptible heart of our chevalier, had he not been aware that the defire of giving pain to others was their true motive.

CHAPTER XIX.

HOW much muſt Herman have regretted the agreeable ſociety of the duke of Auſtria, the intereſting Ida, and the worthy Munſter, on comparing it with that of ſome of his relations, whoſe way of thinking was to him equally new and diſguſting. It is true, that it fell ſhort of the extreme depravity he had obſerved in a few other perſons, as Kunzman, and the counteſs of Cyly, for inſtance: but the meanneſs of their ſouls inſpired him with a certain antipathy, which never fails to be accompanied with contempt; though the feeling was in a manner ſoftened by his reflecting on the amiable nuns of Uberwaſſer. Indeed his deſire of ſeeing theſe once more, had greater weight in prolonging his ſtay, than the promiſe he had made to the abbeſs of Marienhagen: for he feared he might find other diſagreeable originals in his family, and ſhould at laſt be obliged to ſuſpect his

own goodneſs, the branches of the tree from which he deſcended being ſo corrupt.

The ſo much dreaded day at length arrived, and he ſet off for Marienhagen, where he had promiſed to call for his ſiſter, the abbeſs. With her he found the whole family aſſembled, except the important perſonage to whom he was to be introduced. Agnes and Petronilla ran with open arms to meet him. The phlegmatic canoneſs of Munſter coldly held out to him her hand, and madam Senden, by the poſitive order of the devout Urſula, ſtammered her excuſes. Herman had long before pardoned her, and he was ſorry he had been offended with her for a ſingle moment; the deep humiliation impreſſed on her countenance gave him pain, and he embraced her with warmth, calling her by the tender name of ſiſter.

By her ſide was her huſband, Ulric of Senden, whoſe figure was one of thoſe, which nature rarely forms, diſplaying that model of human beauty in its utmoſt per-

fection, which the Grecian artist imagined for his Apollo, while the expression of his features bespoke a mind not at all inferior. He embraced our knight with dignity; and Herman, won, as is usual with young persons, by the impression of external charms, pressed him with ardour to his bosom. He was surprised at finding a physiognomy of this description in a circle of persons, the majority of whom had little to boast in point of beauty, and still more, that such a man should be the husband of Catherine; and he looked at the two nuns, to express to them his astonishment. They smiled and whispered to him to prepare himself to see, in another relation, a person far surpassing all his imagination could conceive.

At length the cavalcade set out for Plettenburg. Ulric appeared as much dissatisfied as Herman, with the attention so numerous a company would excite, and had a serious conversation with the abbess on the subject, to whom he observed, that such parade was by no means prudent, consi-

dering the ſituation of the young ſtranger. But his remonſtrances were uſeleſs. No one would dare to talk openly of the danger of Herman, now that the devout abbeſs of Marienhagen treated him with kindneſs, and had taken him under her protection; and the reports of his misfortune were to be blotted from remembrance the moment ſhe iſſued the injunction, though before, no one had propagated it with ſo much imprudence as herſelf, and Catherine, whom ſhe hated, though ſo ſtrongly reſembling her.

Herman had reſided at the courts of the firſt princes of his time; he had been in the ſervice of an emperor, and of a king of Hungary; at Nuremberg he had been familiar with perſonages who had pretenſions to the firſt throne in the world; yet had he no where witneſſed that oſtentatious diſplay of grandeur, which obtruded itſelf on the eye, at the caſtle of a mere country gentleman.

Bernard muſt ſurely have thought, that the honour of being chief of the younger branch of the houſe of Unna, was the moſt exalted to which human vanity could aſpire, or he could never have endured the ridiculous pomp that ſurrounded him; could never have been pleaſed with the humble homage of his relations and domeſtics; could never have treated, with ſuch haughtineſs, all who approached him.

The court of Plettenburg, as Bernard's reſidence was then ſtyled, was certainly too ſplendid for a lord of Unna; but it was a ſplendor by which Herman, who had ſeen the world, was not to be dazzled, and which could not fail to excite, in a philoſophic mind, the moſt melancholy reflections. All this magnificence was ſupported by the unpaid dowries of unhappy ſiſters, and the with-holden fortunes of brothers ſcarcely more happy, who had ſacrificed themſelves, or been forcibly ſacrificed, to enable the firſt born of the family to live in the ſtyle of a petty ſovereign.

Difpleafing as was to Herman the houfe which he entered; its mafter, though his brother, proved equally difpleafing. The audience he obtained was by no means favourable. He ought, if he would conform to eftablifhed rules, to have bowed himfelf as lowly in the prefence of Bernard, as before king Sigifmond, or the emperor Winceflaus. This he avoided, accofting him only with the refpect which he conceived due to an elder brother; but he foon perceived the diffatisfaction occafioned by this conduct, which was deemed irreverent.

The eyes of Herman were foon attracted from this haughty gentleman, to a young woman feated by his fide, who, as foon as the abbefs had announced the name of the chevalier, rofe with inimitable grace to embrace him. It was the wife of Bernard. She was unknown to Herman, as fhe had not been united to the family till after his elopement.

He looked at her with aftonifhment. His Ida excepted, he had never beheld fo

perfect a beauty. Her charms were heightened by angelic ſweetneſs, ſpread over every feature of her face, and forming a perfect contraſt to the ſtiff and formal demeanor of her imperious ſpouſe; as well as by a trait of melancholy, an intereſting paleneſs, that plainly beſpoke her to be unhappy, and which, to the eye of ſenſibility, are irreſiſtibly attracting.

Alicia took the hand of Herman, and called him a ſecond time her brother, and that in a tone ſo endearing, that the heart of our knight was inexpreſſibly moved, and he could not refrain from falling at her feet.

Bernard beheld with ſatisfaction this mark of reſpect, which he ſuppoſed was paid rather to the conſort of the lord of Unna, than to the beautiful Alicia. Imagining therefore that Herman did not altogether diſdain the etiquette of his court, he held out his hand, with a tolerable grace, to aſſiſt him to riſe. That of his charming ſiſter-in-law Herman preſumed to kiſs, and

having feated himfelf in a chair by her fide, which was negligently offered him by Bernard, he was honoured with a few queftions, which he took care to anfwer, fo as not to offend the pride of his brother.

Shortly after, the lord of Unna being engaged in a private converfation with his fifter, the abbefs, Alicia made a fign to the nuns of Uberwaffer, her intimate and bofom friends, to approach, in order to converfe with Herman.

"Well, my dear brother," faid Petronilla with a fmile, "is our prediction veri-"fied?"

"Oh!" replied Herman, "I am afto-"nifhed, enchanted! I could fancy my-"felf in the company of my beloved Ida, "and I efteem myfelf happy in having fo "lovely a fifter."

Alicia was about to make a civil reply to this compliment, but, having caft her eye on Ulric of Senden, who was leaning againft a pillar oppofite to her, and who

ſeemed as in a trance with the pleaſure of beholding her, ſhe bluſhed, and was ſilent.

The mind of Herman was too buſily occupied to notice her embarraſſment.—Every thing ſurpriſed him; and a whole day ſpent in his brother's houſe ſerved only to convince him that he was far from being acquainted with the hiſtory of all the individuals of his family.

That of Ulric of Senden he was leaſt able to decipher. His figure, his manner, were extremely prepoſſeſſing; yet, in his behaviour to Herman, was there ſomething ſingularly forbidding. Grave and cold when he talked to him; and, at the ſame time, when he ſpoke of him to a third perſon, his ardent admirer. All the efforts of our young chevalier to induce Ulric to unite himſelf to him by the ties of friendſhip, were vain; on the contrary, he appeared to ſhun every opportunity of entering into private converſation with Herman, and ſmiled on him only when he ſaw him in the midſt of a numerous circle.—

His behaviour to madam Unna was equally ſtrange. If he found himſelf obliged to ſpeak to her, it was in a tone of indifference bordering on contempt; yet were his eyes, when he thought himſelf unobſerved, inceſſantly fixed on her. He carefully avoided meeting her, yet could not refrain from watching her every motion, liſtening to her every word.

Having obſerved all this, it appeared by no means extraordinary to Herman, that ſo ſingular a character ſhould expreſs no great tenderneſs to Catherine; but he was at a loſs to conceive how ſhe could have become his wife. To clear his doubts he had recourſe to the nuns, his ſiſters; who ſhrugged their ſhoulders, and aſſured him that they were not ſufficiently acquainted with the affair to give him the information he wiſhed.

Madam Unna diſplayed a great predilection for her new brother-in-law. He and the two ſiſters, Agnes and Petronilla, formed her ſelect ſociety. Never did ſhe

ſo much ſtrive to engage him to herſelf as when ſhe perceived him making attempts to gain the friendſhip of Ulric, who could with difficulty preſerve the cool air he aſſumed towards him. "Why," ſaid ſhe to him one day, "are you always courting the "friendſhip of that ſingular being? I muſt "inſiſt on your promiſing me never to "contract any intimacy with him: he is "honeſt enough to reject your overtures, "and I dare affirm he has reaſons for it."

Herman ſeized this opportunity of putting ſome queſtions to Alicia reſpecting Ulric; but, inſtead of anſwering them, ſhe bluſhed, and endeavoured to give another turn to the converſation.

CHAPTER XX.

THE different members of the family of Unna remained at the caſtle of Plettenburg for ſome days. Bernard ſeemed inſenſibly to take a liking to Herman. The young chevalier could relate ſo many anecdotes of kings and emperors, of dukes and princes, that the haughty lord began to feel ſome veneration for him, and to excuſe his not having humbled himſelf more before the head of his houſe; he was alſo inwardly flattered by the profound reſpect paid by Herman to the beautiful Alicia.

At length the abbeſs of Marienhagen, and the nuns of Uberwaſſer were obliged to return to their reſpective convents.—The unwieldy canoneſs of Munſter alſo quitted the caſtle, ſo that of Bernard's gueſts none remained but Herman and the family of Senden.

Catherine availed herſelf of the abſence of the abbeſs, her mortal enemy, to ſhow herſelf to the brother, whom at firſt ſhe had ſo highly offended, in a more favourable point of view. She perceived that his endeavours to obtain the friendſhip of Bernard were perfectly diſintereſted; ſome conſiderable preſents which he made her children, proved alſo that he neither ſought nor needed aſſiſtance; and this was ſufficient to inſpire her with regret for having given him ſo ill a reception.— She made him therefore many advances, and one day ſaid, that ſhe ſhould never think he had forgiven her, unleſs he would promiſe to accompany her home, and thus afford her an opportunity of repairing the injury.

Herman had nothing ſo much at heart as to obtain an audience of the old count of Unna, who, he had heard, was returned. It was the ſole buſineſs that had brought him into this country; the viſits he had paid his family were merely caſual, and had al-

ready occupied more time than was prudent in his ſituation. He would therefore unqueſtionably have refuſed madam Senden's requeſt, in which her huſband had no part, had he not feared that ſhe might think he ſtill harboured reſentment in his breaſt for the manner in which ſhe had treated him. He accordingly conſented, a ſtep which occaſioned madam Unna, who was preſent, a degree of uneaſineſs which ſhe could with difficulty conceal.

"Is then every entreaty I have made "you, not to contract an intimacy with "Ulric of Senden, uſeleſs?" ſaid ſhe to him, the moment they were alone.

"It is not Ulric that I am going to viſit; "it is my ſiſter."

"But when you are in his houſe, will "you be able to prevent a certain degree "of familiarity from taking place between "you?"

"And would not the friendſhip of ſuch "a man be a happineſs to me?"

"I tell you no, Herman, no. You "muſt never be alone with him for a ſingle "moment; if you are, ſome calamity will "befal you."

"I do not comprehend you, madam.— "Would you have me entertain ſuſpicions "injurious to the honour of Ulric?"

"Certainly not. Ulric may be a man "of the niceſt honour; but . . . . I dare "not be more explicit . . . . Believe me, "Herman, the moſt prudent ſtep you can "take is to repair with all ſpeed to the old "count of Unna, to finiſh your buſineſs "with him, and then to depart."

"I have nothing, madam, nearer at "heart, than to ſee the count of Unna; "but I cannot diſpenſe with viſiting my "ſiſter; it would be cruel to treat her "with unkindneſs."

"I have no hatred to Catherine; I pity "her, and aſcribe many of her faults to the "unpleaſantneſs of her ſituation."

"And yet you give me to underſtand, "that I have ſomething to apprehend from

" her which ought to deter me from enter-
" ing her houſe."

" Not from her. God forbid! not from
" her. I do not think her wicked enough
" ſecretly to injure you . . . . But Ulric of
" Senden! Ulric!"

" Is a worthy and virtuous character:
" is to our ſex, what the divine Alicia is to
" hers!"

" He may be virtuous, he may be wor-
" thy; and yet . . . . have I not known
" him longer than you?"

" Certainly, certainly, you are beſt ac-
" quainted with him. I have obſerved
" your looks; I have obſerved his alſo; I
" have noticed things that make me wiſh
" to know more . . . . Alicia, frank and
" amiable Alicia! my ſiſter, my friend!
" will you not truſt me? My advice may
" poſſibly be of ſervice to you. Poſſibly,
" by telling me your real ſentiments of
" Ulric, I may be induced to embrace your
" counſel. Will you then not liſten to my

"prayer? Say, will you not condeſcend
"to explain yourſelf?"

Alicia ſhed a torrent of tears; but diſengaging herſelf from Herman, who held her hands in his, ſhe declared that ſhe would have no farther converſation with him on the ſubject. "Remember, however," added ſhe, "remember that I have warned you. You muſt now act as you pleaſe. I have nothing more to ſay."

She appeared ſeriouſly offended with our chevalier for his too urgent importunities, and would not addreſs a ſingle word to him during the remainder of the day, the laſt he was to ſpend at her houſe. Meanwhile ſhe had yet not abandoned the hope of ſeparating him from Ulric.

Herman perſiſted in his intention of accompanying his ſiſter home, and as ſoon as it was known, Ulric was invited to ſtay a few days longer at Plettenburg.

A deadly paleneſs overſpread the countenance of Ulric, the moment our young

man informed him that he purpofed to pay him a vifit; but, upon receiving this invitation from Bernard and Alicia, his cheeks again refumed their wonted animation.—Herman obferved, for the firft time, that he kiffed the hand of his fifter-in-law, and fpoke to her with politenefs. Alicia blufhed, and caft down her eyes, while Ulric fixed on her a look of the livelieft gratitude.

"What means this change?" faid Herman to himfelf. "Am I deceived refpecting thefe two characters? Are they lefs fcrupulous, lefs delicate than I had imagined? . . . . Ah! they are certainly engaged in a fecret, a guilty commerce.—Their ftolen looks, their fudden blufhes, their mutual intelligence atteft that they have formerly loved, and that their love is yet not extinguifhed . . . . Was it for this, diffembling Alicia, thou foughteft to feparate me from Ulric? No doubt, thou wert afraid I fhould difcover thy criminal paffion, and feek to avenge a

" brother's injured honour. No doubt, " thou wifheft to retain him at Plettenburg " that thou mayeft tranquilly enjoy thy " illicit attachment, free from the eyes of " a jealous wife, and a fufpicious brother- " in-law."

To Herman appearances pleaded fo ftrong againft Alicia, that he was aftonifhed at the blindnefs of Bernard, who feemed not to remark things, that, in his opinion, muft be perceived by all the world; and it was, perhaps, happy for the fufpected parties that Herman was not eager to communicate to his brother his reflections.

The chevalier departed with Catherine and her children. They were handfome and diverting little creatures, more refembling their father than their mother, and with them he beguiled the wearifomenefs of his fifter's infipid converfation.

He was every inftant more convinced of the depravity of this woman's heart. Her flanderous tongue fpared not an individual of her relations, whom fhe endeavoured to

ruin in the mind of her young brother, not excepting even the innocent nuns of Uberwaſſer, Agnes and Petronilla. She vaunted, with great ſelf complacency, the dexterity with which ſhe could diſcover evil in the inmoſt receſſes of the heart, and adduced proofs of her talent that were really ſingular in their kind.

She had found means to procure the paper on which madam Unna had written the examination of her conſcience, and Herman expected nothing leſs from this circumſtance than a confirmation of his ſuſpicions; but, to his extreme ſurpriſe, he found them removed.

"This Alicia," ſaid Catherine, "a poor "deſcendant of the houſe of Langen, be- "come obnoxious to the ſecret tribunal, "has entered into our family to our ſorrow. "But for her, Bernard would probably "never have thought of marrying. How- "ever ſhe is faithfully attached to him, and "is ſcarcely ever from his ſide, which "renders her the plague of all the wives in

"the neighbourhood, whose husbands are
"continually citing her as a model.—She
"is not disagreeable in her person, as you
"have seen; neither has she wanted ad-
"mirers; and for a while I could not help
"thinking that she indemnified herself in
"private for the strict decorum she affected
"in public: but having narrowly watched
"her for some years, I am at length con-
"vinced that she is a woman devoid both
"of spirit and sensibility, to whom such
"kind of virtue costs little."

Herman looked at Catherine with eyes of astonishment, and would have asked, but knew not how, the reason of the understanding he observed between Alicia and Ulric.

"Is she friendly to you and your hus-
"band?" said he at length with an affectation of indifference.

"To me she is certainly friendly. You
"see I have a good opinion of her; con-
"sequently I merit her attachment. Be-
"sides, she loves my children, and often

"makes them prefents. But for my huf-
"band fhe appears to entertain the moft
"profound contempt. Of this, at leaft,
"I am certain, that a civil word has never
"paffed between them till to-day. You
"were witnefs to the invitation fhe gave
"him: it aftonifhed me, for to fay the
"truth, he cares as little for her, as fhe
"for him. He always avoids her, and I
"do not recollect, that, fince our marriage,
"he has three times fet his foot within the
"doors of Plettenburg caftle."

Herman could not avoid fhaking his head, and feeking, by a number of adroit quftions, to difcover fome traces of what he fufpected. He learnt, however, nothing more, and with pleafure, found himfelf deceived in the opinion he had formed of Ulric and Alicia. What better proof indeed could he have had of their innocence, than the teftimony of Catherine? Even in the enumeration of her complaints againft her hufband, fhe faid not a word that could caft on him the leaft fufpicion of infidelity.

Her griefs all centered in his discontent, and uncivil treatment of her, to which the good lady herself might have given sufficient occasion, by the malignancy of her disposition, of which she had just exhibited no very equivocal proofs.

CHAPTER XXI.

HERMAN had already ſo amply enjoyed the converſation of his benevolent ſiſter on the road, that he was little deſirous of renewing it, during his ſhort abode at her houſe, and preferred the innocent prattle of her children, who had eaſily gained his affection. He talked to them continually of their father, and what they ſaid exhibited him in ſo favourable a point of view, that all his ſuſpicions vaniſhed, and were ſucceeded by a new deſire of having him for a friend. To this deſire was joined, that of knowing the motive of Alicia's myſterious advice. He determined, therefore, to have a private interview with him, and to triumph over the efforts of his brother-in-law to avoid him.

"My huſband," ſays Catherine, "ſeems "reſolved not to return till his preſence "ſhall be neceſſary to diſſipate the ſolitude

" in which I live. To ſpeak frankly, I
" ſcarcely feel the abſence of an ill-natured
" ſpouſe, in the company of ſo agreeable a
" brother. Let him ſtay, therefore, at Plettenburg, and ſtrengthen our intimacy
" with Bernard and his wife, which, ſooner
" or later, may be of advantage to us."
She then ſhewed Herman a letter ſhe had juſt received from Ulric, in which ſhe was deſired to inform him of the departure of her brother, the inſtant it took place, as he ſhould then quit Plettenburg, and return home.

Herman reſolved to be gone the next day. He accordingly took leave of his ſiſter and her children, after having given the latter proofs of his generoſity, that deprived him of almoſt all he poſſeſſed. He knew the road to Unna to be that by which Ulric muſt return, and he waited for him a whole day in the foreſt through which he was to paſs. The delay ſhewed, that Ulric took every poſſible precaution not to meet, nor to ſee him again.

" Heavens !" cried Herman, " what " can be the cauſe of this inſuperable aver- " ſion ? At Plettenburg, I read in his eyes " the hatred he bore me. The coldneſs of " his manner, and the reſerve of his con- " verſation, convinced me I was not miſta- " ken. Not once could I prevail upon him " to take a walk with me. He ſeemed de- " voured with chagrin whenever at table, " or in company, I was accidentally ſeated " by his ſide. Surely, ſome fearful myſ- " tery lurks beneath all this. I muſt fa- " thom it. I muſt give this man, for I " love him, a better opinion of me, though " it coſt me my life. Perhaps my misfor- " tune has inſtilled ſuſpicions into his mind. " Perhaps he thinks me guilty of the crime " of which I am accuſed. Yes, yes, I will " ſee him, I will gain his affection, by " proving to him my innocence. The " good opinion of the whole world would " be nothing to me, while Ulric ſhould " think me capable of murder."

You, who have been ſometimes drawn by an irreſiſtible impulſe towards a ſoul in uniſon with your own, without being able to comprehend the charm that attracted you; you, whoſe efforts, to obtain the good-will of him whom you have choſen among a thouſand, have increaſed in proportion as the loved object ſeemed to reject your advances; you alone can judge of the inclination felt by our chevalier for Ulric of Senden. The frigid heart which never experienced this ſentiment, would in vain attempt to form an idea of it.

As evening approached, the anxiety of Herman increaſed. The longer he vainly waited for him whom he wiſhed to ſee, the more ardent became his deſire. Meanwhile his mind was diſturbed; a thouſand melancholy preſages crowded to his thoughts; his heart bad him remain, while a ſecret voice whiſpered to him to fly. "But "why ſhould I fly?" ſaid he to himſelf; and he remained.

The moon arose. Our hero had advanced so far to meet Senden, that he could perceive, from a hill he had ascended, the turrets of the castle of Plettenburg. He beheld around him nothing but deserts. The stillness of the night was interrupted by no other sound than the monotonous murmuring of a brook.

The night was far spent, and the moon was hastening to the western horizon, when the sound of horses feet were heard in a narrow valley. They drew so near, that Herman could distinguish the voice of Ulric, directing his servants to go on before to Senden-house, and bring him word, whether the young knight was yet gone. He then alighted, and seated himself at the foot of a tree. Herman, who watched his motions, immediately presented himself, and said to him: Why dost thou shun me? "What has Herman done, that it seems "poison to thee, to breathe the same air "with him?"

" God of Heaven!" exclaimed Ulric, wrapping himſelf in his cloak, " what a " miſfortune! Waking or dreaming he is " every where preſent to my ſight; and " now a voice within me tells me that I " muſt kill him."

" That thou muſt kill me!" ſaid Herman, folding him in his arms: " That thou " muſt aſſaſſinate thy brother! . . . . " What, then, what have I done?"

" Begone, villain!" replied Ulric, diſengaging himſelf from his embrace.— " Who art thou? . . . . Is it not a viſion " that I ſee?——Speak, who art thou?"

" Thy brother, Herman of Unna, who " aſks thy friendſhip or death. To be " deſpiſed, to be rejected by thee, is more " than he can ſupport."

" Herman! Herman of Unnna? . . . . " Fly, fly! I am thy murderer . . . . Yet " no, fly not. It is forbidden me to give " thee ſuch advice; ſtill leſs can I ſuffer " thee to execute it. Are we not alone? " . . . . No, we are not . . . . God be praiſ- " ed! ſee, where come thy deliverers!"

Herman looked, and ſaw nothing . . . .
" They are the ſhadows of the trees, my
" brother. But I need no deliverer when
" thou art with me. O Ulric! Thou art
" ill, very ill! Thy heart is diſtreſſed! . . .
" I feared it was hatred that kept thee
" from me; but it was melancholy . . . .
" Heaven be praiſed! Thy melancholy
" will be diſpelled, thy ſufferings relieved,
" and thou wilt then love thy brother!"

" Love thee? Can I love thee more
" than I do? O Herman! My heart is
" with thee, and yet muſt I aſſaſſinate
" thee."

" Why:" cried Herman, whom Ulric for a moment cloſely preſſed in his arms, and then as rudely repulſed: " Why aſſaſſi-
" nate me? What is my crime?"

" Thou muſt die," replied Senden drawing his ſabre: " Thou art the murderer
" of duke Frederic."

" I ſwear by him, to whom all things
" are known, that I am not."

"The charge has been made, the wit"nesses have deposed, and the judges "have pronounced thy condemnation.— "Thou art, thou must be the murderer of "the duke. Thousands of secret execu"tioners burn with the desire of shedding "thy blood: but, O Heaven! Fate has de"creed that the task shall devolve on thy "unfortunate brother. I have bound my"self by an oath, an oath the most terrible, "not to spare those whom the secret tribu"nal shall condemn .... This then to "thy heart .... This to my own!"

They staggered; they fell side by side "Oh my brother," said Herman embracing Ulric, "the thread of my life is at an "end. Yet I will be thine, I will ever be "thine, in those realms above the abode of "peace and everlasting friendship."

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.